TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The approach of the municipal elections should cause the citizens of Toronto to make some inquiry as to their duty in such affairs. Unfortunately duty has too little to do with candidature for office, either on the part of those who are themselves running or with those who merely turn out to vote as a matter of personal friendship for a candidate or with a desire to defeat some by-law or drive into private life some obnoxious alderman who has refused to erect a gas lamp in front of their door while putting new illuminators and sidewalks in profusion elsewhere. If each one of us were to inquire how often have we gone out on municipal election days in Toronto firmly determined to support some principle which we have decided to be just and right, mentally equipped with a list of the candidates who deserve election, and filled with enthusiasm to do on that day of the year the very best we can for the city, we would be surprised to find how seldom our motives are really worthy of the right of citizenship. In thinking the matter over, I reckon we would be forced to confess that on the ordinary municipal election day we have voted for aldermen when it was convenient and left it alone when it would put us out of our way; as a rule we voted too for the "best fellow"—as we loosely reckon good fellowship—and did not forget the man who solicited our vote if we hadn't anything particular against him. Concerning the "good fellows" for whom we have voted we may feel a guilty sense that not one of them should be in the City Council, we may know they are incompetent, "loose," or even suspect that they make a little something now and then out of their position, and yet the reflection that we have not done our duty, in fact that we have done exactly what was opposed to the best interests of the city, may not make us feel a particle ashamed. We argue that it is nobody's business what we do with our vote and yet it is everybody's business and should be their urgent business. A business man does not want to be thought a prude, an old woman, and if two or three of his friends are running in the ward he thinks he is obliged to vote for them whether they are worthy or not. There are plenty of men who frequent bar-rooms who are ashamed to vote for men who have solicited them in such resorts and yet they do it out of a mistaken idea of good fellowship. They do not pause to think that it is not necessary because a man does not draw the line at a tap-room that he should vote in favor of the city being managed by tapsters. Then, going to the other extreme you will find good churchmen voting and working for some lunkhead of a candidate simply because he has been teacher in the Sunday School or one of the sidesmen in the church. The reason in one instance is just as poor a one as in the other. The sidesman may be more respectable than the bar-room politician, while the latter may have more good, ordinary horse sense and commercial knowledge in a minute than the sideseman has all summer. I do not imagine that because a man is a good Sunday School worker, or even a prominent member of a church, that he is consequently good material for an alderman; nor does it follow because a man may not be choice in his company that he is unfit to transact public business. Yet people who talk about elections say this man will get the saloon vote and the other man will get the church vote. Why? Because it is generally understood that when a man offers himself for election, the crowd he has been traveling with must necessarily support him. Much too frequently voting is thus done by groups of electors who go together like a flock of sheep.

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But even if the ratepayers on election day were to do their very best to make a wise selection from amongst the candidates in the field, they would not be doing their whole duty. It is the business of every citizen to do his share, not only to elect good men after they are nominated, but to procure the nomination and acceptance of the most available men in the city. What are the thoughtful electors now doing towards this? In some of the wards the candidates who are now offering themselves for election are, without exception, bad. What are the good citizens of these wards likely to do about it? Will they take the trouble to induce good men to come out? Not at all. Each one feels that it is none of his special business, so a group of four or five worthless and undesirable candidates will be left to fight it out among themselves, every voter thoroughly aware that it does not matter much who is elected or who is beaten, the ward will be as badly represented as it possibly can be. After it is found that the Council is largely made up of the victors in such scrub races the people ridicule the board of aldermen, abuse the individuals, sneer at the committees and occasionally stand aghast when they view the utter asininity of many things which are done. Look at the Don improvement, that monumental folly of a fool committee, of a fool council which seemed to have been cursed by fool advisers of every sort. Is it wonderful that such expensive mistakes, such acts of inconceivable ignorance, such exemplifications of what it is possible for a set of ignoramuses to do, are the result when stupidity inflamed by vanity, sets itself about tasks of which it knows nothing, of which it tries to learn nothing, in which it accomplishes nothing except the squandering of public funds. To those who occasionally visit the City Hall it is as good as a comedy to see a chump committee busily engaged in showing the city solicitor his business, or three or perhaps four or five real estate speculators all wearing the title of "Alderman," dragging the clothes off the city engineer in a desperate and finally successful attempt to induce him to recommend the expropriation of some property which will directly put thousands of dollars as a compensation into the pockets of real estate owners while at the same time largely enhancing the value of their holdings. These little dramas of municipal life are being played in every corner. Fifteen professed real estate agents are not in the City Council for nothing. They have been opening streets and booming property and spending the city's money away out in the suburbs while big blocks of land are uninhabited near the heart of the town which can be bought almost as cheaply as those distant pastures. Everything that goes under the name of local improvement the Council seems willing to pass, as if these very local improvements are not piling up debts on streets where the owners can scarce pay their general taxes. People seem to forget that the whole city has an interest in every local improvement, that every dime of taxation that is put on a street makes the burden of general taxation so much heavier. While the general rate is fifteen mills on the dollar there are plenty of streets where the local improvement rate brings it up to twenty mills and in many instances to a still higher figure. The whole amount of taxation is accumulating more rapidly than the people imagine and yet these boomsters in the Council and out of it are crying out, "let the improvements go ahead, it is none of the city's business." And many of the local improvements themselves are being done in the most disgraceful manner. It is nobody's business. Cedar block roadways are being laid out in the country where there are no interested ones to watch the work, as if such improvements were as ephemeral as a "tote road." The speculators who get the pavement put down don't care. They do not expect to have to pay for it. They sell the land and let the poor purchaser settle the bill and discover the worthlessness of what he is paying for.

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While there are fifteen real estate agents in the City Council, there are half a score more who are large operators in blocks of land and real estate generally. What can we expect from a Council whose interest is all in the direction of putting down miles and miles of shoddy pavement, break-neck sidewalk and swill-trough sewer? Is it strange that we cannot find money to clean the business streets when these active promoters of suburban joints need the money to open streets down towards the Humber or through the hills north of Toronto or away off in the goose pastures of Macdonaldville? Of course we do not urge that the score of real estate operators, whose branch offices are in the City Council, are actuated by any but the noblest motives. The very nature of their profession makes their minds particularly susceptible to the beauties of philanthropy and the delights of unselfishness: it being their chief aim to provide homes for workingmen, to cover the growing family with a roof tree—which is to be paid for on the instalment plan—it becomes conceivable that these gentlemen are the vanguard of that glorious period when every man shall be his own landlord and every woman her own bailiff. It is a beautiful thing worthy of being sung in inflamed and high-stepping verse to see these public benefactors laying out fifty acres of speculative lands at the public expense. One of these gentlemen in the Council moves that the City Engineer prepare plans for opening a street through Hardscrabble Common and for building a bridge over the Don to connect said street with Queen street about two miles away. The city clerks and engineers are put at work preparing these plans which should be done by the owner of Hardscrabble Common. At last the plan is ready, the City Council considers it a beautiful thing and an order is issued for the expropriation of the land for the building of the street. Alderman Jinks may be a part owner of the Hardscrabble district and puts away in his capacious pocket some good money paid for the land expropriated. Then he and his partners begin to sell lots along the new street at city prices, and further streets are opened at the public expense and drained and paved by local assessment, and lamps put up out of the general fund. People buy lots, pay twenty-five dollars a foot because they have a pavement and a sewer, then they proceed to pay for the pavement and sewer themselves, pay taxes, pay interest, and by-and-bye they may get a home as the righteous get to heaven—through much tribulation. Nearly half the City Council is made up of these enterprising gentlemen who provide homes for the poor but honest on this beneficent plan, and Toronto has been run to suit them. Just now a number of gentlemen who have large blocks of land which they have been unable to break up at a sufficient profit, are looking about them for an opportunity to enter the Council. They see that a real estate man without a branch office in the City Hall is behind the procession. Considerable of the new blood that is likely to offer itself in 1890 is of this sort; and some of the old blood which was left out of the Council for the Council's good, is trying to get back in it again for fun and old friendship's sake. Some of the best men in the Council are retiring for various reasons. So far no noticeably good men are stepping forward to take their places. Witness, oh Heaven! there were few enough worth the name in this year's Council; is it to be worse in 1890? Then a rare lot of pullets it will be!

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There has been no year of greater importance in the history of Toronto than the one which will meet us at the end of this month. The street car franchise, the Esplanade, the Don, the Court House and many other problems must be considered, and yet we are likely to meet this phalanx of difficulties with an army as absurd as Falstaff's!

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We have a Citizens' Association. Why does it not meet and consider the necessity of nominating good men in every ward? It is well enough to devote attention to the Esplanade problem, but there is no use trying to protect the front of the city if the bowels of it are to be eaten out by the cancer of recklessness, incompetence and unblushing self-seeking. What is the use of building a viaduct if we elect a City Council which has barely sense enough to pound sand, or alert honesty enough to prevent the contractors from stealing the furniture out of the City Hall?

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Why should not the Citizens' Association take hold of this matter at once, hold a meeting, make nominations, and get the candidates ready to go in the field on the regular nomination day? There would not be a long canvass and a score of good man with solid interests at stake could be got in the Council and they in addition to the dozen excellent gentlemen who are already there would be in the majority while now the solid aldermen are in a small minority which threatens to grow still smaller. If the Citizens' Association is alive it will do this thing at once. It is the only organization to which the public can turn for immediate relief. It will deserve well of the city if it undertakes the task even though it may excite criticism and incur the displeasure of the boomers. The association is composed of business men and it ought to be able to stand abuse. Next year it might properly apply itself to the task of reorganizing the system as well as the personnel of our government.

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The evangelical alliance has recently closed a meeting in which a great deal of sweet fraternal enthusiasm was worked up over the idea of Christian unity. It is beautiful to see brethren dwell together in such loving kindness. It is also rare, though if we can believe with some of the orators the east is even now streaked with bars of glory announcing the incoming of a universal church. It would be indeed glorious if we could believe these heralds and follow with confidence leaders who are willing to see the collection taken up in one mammoth hat. Those who have watched the progress of events cannot but admit that churches are growing nearer together. The less they believe the nearer they get. In the old days a man was unsaved and still in the bonds of wickedness unless he was ready to swear to his belief in a catechism longer than a pumpkin vine and as unintelligible as a dozen theologians could make it. In those good and gracious days, a man to be saved must not only believe in his own salvation, but had to be convinced that all those who disagreed with him had been or were certain to be damned. Indeed it is not long ago that a man's religiousness ceased to be measured by the confidence he evinced in the damnation of others. Now as church members are beginning to throw the creeds instead of the heretics into the fire, the great mass of people are approaching a point where a heart union is at least possible. The world is too democratic to ever desire a similarity of form, and the churches no doubt for centuries may go on calling themselves by sectarian names but at heart everyone will believe nearly alike, and the creed may be almost as simple as that of the old Methodist brother who when called before the Conference to answer the charge of undue liberality replied by declaring his general belief to be as follows:

> Our entrance into life is naked and bare,
> Our progress through it is trouble and care,
> Our exit out of it we know not where,
> But if we do well here we'll do well there.

"Christ," said the old man, "went through this world and showed us what doing well here is like. I am following him as near as I know how, and if there isn't room for me in the Methodist Church I won't have to change my belief when I get outside of it or inside of Heaven."

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And yet amidst all the talk there was much said in which the rattle of teeth and swish of tongues proclaimed emptiness. I notice in the daily papers that one of their own officers and an enthusiast for Christian union has been forced to pick up his club and smite the Rev. Milligan for unkind things that unity-lover is alleged to have said about his particular Church even before the love feast broke up. The hollowness of much of this exuberant talk was never better exemplified than at the meeting of the Presbytery when the Galt heretics were expelled for believing in the Methodist doctrine of sinless perfection—sanctification. The expulsion had just taken place and the heretics figuratively dragged out when the deputation of Methodist brethren waited on the Presbytery, and the followers of Calvin and Wesley fell upon one another's necks and wept for very joy when they thought how few differences they had. The Methodists told the Presbyterians there was really nothing but a name between them and the Presbyterians assured the Methodists that the name amounted to nothing, that in heart and soul, and, in fact, in belief, they were one. Wasn't it funny when at that minute the Presbyterian heretics who had been expelled for believing in Methodist doctrine were cooling their heels in the ante-room or on the sidewalk?

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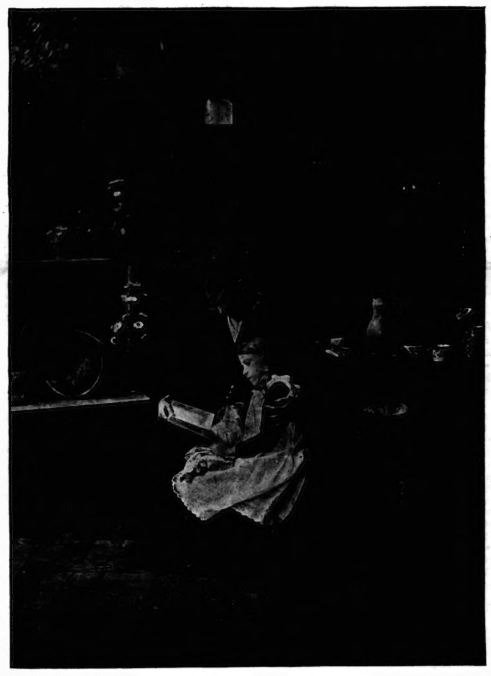
A local incident this week contained many of those elements of social tragedy of which French romancers construct their harrowing tales of sin and suffering. Every Jean or Jeanette comes from the provinces, falls into the snares of that maelstrom of pleasure, Paris, struggles to conceal from honest friends the disgraceful truth, is discovered, all is lost, etc. Those who have doubted the fidelity of such histories must have found in the arrest of the young woman on Center street, an incident quite as unlikely and fully as touching as any of the episodes in the life of Nanon or Lisette. A young girl came from the country to work in the city, found the life of a servant a hard one, and not lacking tempters, elected to follow the course which has but one ending whether it be lived in gay Paris or muddy Toronto. Not enough was known of her to weave any romance about her evil-doing or even to suggest palliation of the offence she committed against society and herself. However, when the police raided the house, capturing the painted women and dissolute men, a lad about fourteen was discovered asleep in an attic room and it is his story which suggests so much of tears, heart-ache and shame. He was the brother of the girl who kept the house in which he was found. His parents had not heard from their daughter for several months, and, though she told them that she was prospering, had a pleasant situation and was content, her long silence made them fear that she had perhaps gotten out of employment, was poor and hated to go home because her clothes were not such as she had been used to wear, so the good old father and mother arranged a nice little surprise for her, procured new clothes, a pair of shoes, etc., and sent them to the city by her little brother. He quite easily found the place, and was surprised to find his sister's surroundings so luxurious, the company so numerous and their conduct so unconventional, but he was assured that it was a boarding house and these people were boarders. Tired by his journey he went to bed early, and awoke to find himself in the hands of the police. The scene in the court next morning as he told his story and as his abandoned sister pleaded for him made a striking tableau, but when the lad reached home and related there his pitiful tale, the climax of this piece of realism was doubtless reached. News of death and disaster may desolate a home, but one can scarcely imagine the feelings, the consternation, the overwhelming disgrace that would strike the hearts of those parents



LEARNING TO READ.

and bow their heads in undying shame. Yet this is but one chapter in one home. If all the chapters in all the homes were collected even "the world itself would not contain the books which would be writ."

DON.

Social and Personal.

The event of the last eight days has been also undoubtedly the event of the season. Since the ball which Lord Lansdowne gave at Government House nearly three years ago, the brilliance and magnificence of the ball at the Toronto Club on Friday of last week, has never been approached. The thanks of society are due to the members of this old established and fashionable club for their princely liberality, and the greatest credit has been accorded to the ball committee for the zeal and discretion with which they carried out their arduous duties. That these gentlemen were zealous and experienced was abundantly proved by the fact that nothing which could contribute to the success of the affair was omitted, and by the care that had been evidently devoted to the smallest detail. One important evidence of their discretion was their refusal to allow the invitation list to exceed five hundred, so that, although in one or two places the crush was of necessity sufficiently severe, yet there was no real discomfort from this cause. As instances of the attention shown to those details, which hostesses so frequently forget, I may mention the admirable arrangement of the spacious cloak-rooms, which for the occasion had been lined with wooden frames containing numbered partitions into which wraps, etc., were put so that the belongings of each guest were kept securely separate and could be recovered easily and without delay. Another capital idea was the displaying in, at least, two parts of the house besides the ball-room of the numbers of the "next dance," so that one was spared the constant interrogatories as to dates, so common at most balls in places distant from the dancing-room. Again, the commencement of each number of the programme was heralded by a strong-lunged cornetist who blew an assembly call in the center hall which penetrated to the furthest corner of the building.

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To those of the five hundred guests who had not seen the house before, its solid and stately luxury was a revelation. There are many larger clubs in America, but there are few, if any, that are furnished and fitted up in better taste and better style. Heavy oak carving, spacious arm chairs of richest leather, artist-proof engravings in massive frames—all make the ideal club house. It is said that the talented architect was responsible for the furniture and interior decoration as well as for the actual building; he has evidently recognized the fact that a club house and a residence are *tres autres choses*, and has entirely dispensed with all decoration that might ever seem the least unnecessary. Two lofty apartments, the large dining-room and the smaller dining-room, meeting it at right angles, made a magnificent ball-room. Several days' work had been devoted to the floor; for the first few dances it was a little sticky, but this soon wore off, and it was afterwards pronounced perfection. Poppenberg's famous band had been brought from Buffalo and very fully sustained its reputation. At first, very naturally, the musicians took their waltzes a little fast, as the waltz is at present danced in the States, but presumably a hint was given them for they afterwards slowed down to the time which Toronto dancers affect. An excellent feature of their programme was that very nearly every number was entirely new to almost all the guests; so good was their selection and so admirably did they play it that many numbers were loudly applauded, and several actually encored—a rare compliment to a band at a dance. No. 11 on the programme, a military schottische, to music by Brooke, was so popular that it was substituted for a waltz lower down. Contrary to general opinion the military schottische seems to have taken a real hold, and its Highland namesake has disappeared.

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But at all balls there are many people who prefer the charms of some secluded corner even to the pleasures of the dance, and the wants of these latter had been abundantly attended to. I did not count them, but there must have been at least a dozen rooms, in addition to hall and stairway, for the use of those who "sit out." The house abounds in snug recesses and broad bow windows. Every recess had been curtained off and provided with two chairs, while each bow-window had been divided by a screen and a double seat placed on each side of it. In ball-room, supper-rooms and halls, there was a blaze of electric light and gas, but elsewhere lamps were shaded and low. The main supper-room was on the upper story and had been transformed by canopies of blue and gold into a gigantic tent. The tables were covered with the rarest delicacies known to the epicure, with which an army of waiters supplied the wants of guests at little tables in several adjacent rooms. A connoisseur of champagne could order his favorite brand or might make a trial of several. It is needless to say that so many delights were not early deserted. The clock had struck four before the curtain fell on one of the most brilliant events of Toronto's social history.

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The list of the guests includes almost everybody of note in Toronto society, and has been given at length by the daily papers. Montreal and Ottawa each contributed a sprinkling, while a special car brought a large party from Hamilton. Amongst these visitors were: Mr. Frank Mackelcan, Q.C., and Mrs. Mackelcan, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Mr. Alex. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stewart, Miss Edith Brown, Mrs. Wm. Sinclair, of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell and Mr. Bruce Campbell, of Montreal; Miss Parker, Mr. Ralph Bruce, Mr. R. B. Ferry, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie, the Messrs. Hendrie, Miss Dewar, of Hamilton; Captain Jones, of Victoria, B.C.; the Messrs. Jones of Ottawa; the Misses Benson of Port Hope; the Hon. George and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston.

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I am told on the best of authority that the affair has cost the members of the club very nearly four thousand dollars.

At this ball there were some particularly lovely dresses. Among them I noticed Mrs. Crowther's, an elegant gown, dancing length, of cream duchesse satin and gold and crepe brocade, white hyacinths were worn on the corsage and a bouquet of the same flowers carried; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, gold and white brocade and tulle; Miss Sibyl Seymour, eau de nile tulle; Mrs. Willie Crowther, white crepe de chine over white silk; Mrs. Ryerson, gray brocade silk and tulle; Mrs. Nordheimer wore an elegant dress of pale blue satin and brocade, with pearl trimming and delicately tinted pink cacti; Miss Edith McFarlane wore white satin trimmed with white tulle and pink carnations; Mrs. Langmuir, black velvet with white lace trimmings; Miss Langmuir, white net and silk; Mrs. John Crowther, black velvet and white lace; Miss Maud Rutherford, pink crepe de chine; Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, gray tulle and silk with steel trimmings; Mrs. Gamble Geddes, pink brocade shot with blue and gold; Miss Heward, gray tulle and steel, with crimson roses; Miss Stewart of Port Hope, cream and yellow satin; Miss Seymour of Port Hope, white silver-woven tulle; Miss Parsons, white net with white chrysanthemums; Mrs. F. Mackelcan, pink satin and crepe de chine; Miss Dunlop, electric blue tulle and silk; Mrs. Cosby, yellow satin; Mrs. Meyrick Bankes wore green satin embroidered in gold pearls, with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, pink brocade and diamonds; Miss Carpmael, salmon-pink silk; Mrs. Sweny, white brocade and white lace; Mrs. Hendrie, white satin covered with exquisite lace; Mrs. Jack Hendrie, pink satin and tulle; Miss Daisy Brown, black satin and tulle with calla lilies; Miss Humphrey, white satin and tulle; Mrs. Brouse lavender tulle with lavender satin ribbons; Miss Cawthra, white silk embroidered in gold; Miss Vankoughnet, pink tulle and satin; Miss Cockburn, pale blue crepe de chine; Mrs. H. K. Merritt, pale blue satin with silver trimmings; Mrs. Nesbitt, white and silver; Mrs. Melford Boulton, lemon crepe de chine and silk; Mrs. Kerr, white satin and blue and silver brocade; Miss Strachan, black velvet and white satin; Mrs. Heinaman, white tulle; Miss Strange, white silk; Miss McInnis of Hamilton, black tulle with cinnamon ribbons; Mrs. Osler, white silk, pink trimmings; Mrs. Harry Moffatt, yellow silk and yellow tulle; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, white satin; Mrs. Burson, white tulle; Miss Armour, white lace and tulle, with green ribbons; Miss Thorburn, dark green tulle with a foot trimming of flowers on the skirt; Mrs. Buchanan, sage-green silk and pink roses; Mrs. Perram, black tulle with white satin trimmings; Miss Bunting, white silk and satin striped chambray gauze; Miss Bain, pale blue tulle.

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Mrs. Albert Nordheimer gave a most enjoyable At Home, Wednesday, at her residence, Kenmore, on Bloor street. Over two hundred guests were made welcome by the hostess, assisted by Miss Seymour. Mrs. Nordheimer's gown was of vieux rose foulard, with gupure lace garniture, while Miss Seymour wore electric blue china silk, with white front and silver trimmings. Harpers furnished music, which was only the basis for gay converse and social chat, and so the guests made merry the late afternoon hours. Among those present from other places were Mr. Colin Campbell, Mr. Bruce Campbell and Mr. F. David of Montreal, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston.

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Amongst distinguished foreigners who have recently visited Toronto are Count de Keyorlay and Baron de La Grange of Paris, France. These gentlemen arrived last week and will make a short stay here.

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Sir Edward and Lady Agnew of Shropshire, England, were in town this week. They proceed to-day to Ottawa, and thence via Montreal and Halifax to England.

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The Hon. Arthur Lyon of London, England, has been visiting friends in town. Mr. Lyon left this week for New York.

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Mr. J. H. Pauw has returned from a stay of some weeks in New York. Mr. Pauw has taken Mr. Fox's place at Tintagel, McCaul street.

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The Misses Brown of Port Hope are staying with their relations in town.

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Captain Jones of C Battery of Artillery, quartered at Victoria, B.C., is staying with friends in town.

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Mr. Hugh Spencer, R.E., is visiting friends on Spadina avenue.

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Mr. Tolson of Tamworth, England, was in town this week.

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Sir Adolphe Caron paid a fleeting visit to Toronto, on Tuesday last.

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Colonel Currie of London, England, is amongst the visitors of the past week.

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The Misses Beatty of the Queen's Park left yesterday for a visit to New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jones sail next week from New York to Bermuda, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

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Cards are out for a dance at Colonel and Mrs. Sweny's spendid house on Bloor street on the 31st of this month. Colonel and Mrs. Sweny are certain to repeat their great success of last February, and for their guests the New Year will be most jovially born.

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The Messrs. Nowles of Bloor street left this week for a short visit to Halifax.

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The Hon. George Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston have been the guests of Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park. Mr. Kirkpatrick left this week for Chicago, where he attended in state the opening of the enormous new auditorium.

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Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach are expected home from England before long. It will be with great sorrow that a very large circle of friends will learn that Mr. Cattenach's health is but little improved.

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Mr. Sparks of Ottawa was staying with friends in town last week.

The Masonic fraternity of Hamilton have issued invitations for a charity ball, to be given in the Drill Shed of that city, on the evening of Friday, December 20. The lady patronesses are Mrs. B. E. Charlton, Mrs. John Crerar, Mrs. J. M. Gibson, Mrs. F. E Kilvert, Mrs. R. A. E. Kennedy, Mrs. J. M. Lottridge, Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mrs. J. J. Mason, Mrs. H. Murray, Mrs. J. W. Murton, Mrs. George Roach. Ample accommodation is provided for upwards of twelve hundred guests, and so far the indications are that the undertaking will be marvellously successful. Through the courtesy of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. J. M. Gibson and officers commanding, the full band of the 13th Battalion has been engaged and will supply the music.

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Invitations have been issued by the Telegraphers of Toronto for their annual ball, to be given in Webb's ball-room, on the evening of January 10, 1890.

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Miss Nairn of Kelvinside, Jarvis street, is spending the winter with friends in Europe.

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Mrs. J. R. Miller of Castlefield, Eglinton, gives an evening party on December 25.

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Mr. L. R. O'Brien returned this week from England.

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The Misses Benson of Port Hope are staying with their aunt, Mrs. Edward Jones, Church street.

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Mrs. Philip Strathy, Esther street, gave an enjoyable afternoon tea last Saturday.]

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The members of the Parkdale Boating Club have not yet ceased jubilating over the success of their ball, held at the Club house, at the foot of Dowling avenue, on the evening of December 6. So pleased were a number of the guests with the affair that they have signified their desire to join the club. About two hundred people were present, and the whole affair was such a success that it will probably be repeated several times during the season. The officers of the club are Messrs. A. W. Dodd, president; J. W. St. John, 1st vice-president; T. W. Jones, 2nd vice-president; George Schofield, secretary-treasurer; C. J. Strong, J. P. Lawless, R. Forbes, C. H. Jagger.

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Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College is staying at present with President Potter, at Hobart College, Geneva, where he is charming the students and public with a delightful course of lectures. Prof. Clark's name is so well known all over the Province as an eloquent preacher and lecturer that he has to refuse applications almost daily. His many friends in Toronto will be glad to hear that he has consented to deliver one of the public lectures at Trinity College, in March, on William the Silent.

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Mrs. Machell of Bellevue street gives an At Home on Wednesday, December 18.

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Mr. A. Gordon Gamble of New Westminster, B.C., arrived in town last week, and is at the Arlington. He will spend Christmas with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gamble.

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The At Home of Mrs. Alexander Gibson of St. Albans street, to which all society were bidden last Saturday, between the hours of 4 and 6 30 o'clock, proved a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment, and a large number of guests responded to the charming hostess' invitation, notwithstanding the several other teas on the same day.

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Mr. and Mrs. Orde and family of Rosedale have gone to Florida to spend the winter.

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Bailie Villa, the residence of Mrs. Chas. Powell, was the scene of a pleasant gathering on December 6, it being the eighteenth birthday of Miss Ida Powell. Among those present I noticed the following: Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Barkwell, Mr. and Mrs. Earles, Mr. and Mrs. Lawless, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, the Misses Allen, Notman, Leadley, McCall, McHarge, Anderson, Mossap, Woods, Sinclaire, Thompson, McGrath, Hurst, Herdman, and Drs. Miller, H. W. Smith, Messrs. J. Sinclaire Allen, J. and G. Johnston, F. C. Otenham of Hamilton, A. W. Mayburry, E. McGuire, G. E. Miller, T. Norman, F. G. Anderson, J. Elliott, H. Taylor, H. W. Fiddell, Flemming Mason of Hamilton, E. Kendall, F. Lea, Davis, Reeves, and Philips.

•

The first electric illumination of a church in New York city took place on Sunday evening under the auspices of the Manhattan Electric Light Company, after designs by the well-known artist Mr. Howard E. Watkins. The electroliers representing a burst of light leading from the cross to the crown, are marvels of grace and elegance, and are well worth a visit from all interested in church lighting and decorating.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

On Wednesday, December 4, a pleasant evening was spent at Hare Hall, when a small At Home was given. About thirty-five availed themselves of this pleasure, and it was not until the small hours that the merry party bid adieu. Mrs. Mason received the guests in a black satin de Lyon dress. Those present: Mrs. J. Sanford wore black lace and brocade *en train*, Mrs. H. McKeggie, handsome silk with gold passementerie *en train*; Miss Schreiber, black lace and jet; Miss Brydon, terra cotta plush with passementerie; Miss Reiner, black lace and jet, with loops of pretty ribbon; Miss Baker, heliotrope china silk; Miss Mason, garnet brocaded silk and plush; Miss Hornsby, heliotrope brocade with green adine of the same shade; Miss Bertie Stewart, pale blue cashmere; Miss Spry, cream cashmere and lace; Miss N. Baker, white china silk; Miss B. Mason, ecru silk and lace; Miss Mylie Henderson, pale blue china silk; Miss Holmes, terra cotta cashmere; Miss J. Forsyth, cream lace; Miss T. Mason, white with mauve sash; Miss N. Thomson, cream cashmere and lace; Messrs. J. Sanford, H. McKeggie, E. H. Lount, F. Hornsby, E. A. Mitchell, Dr. W. A. Ross, Hugh Kortright, B. Schreiber, Coffee, H. McVittie, R. C. Gillett, T. Baker, W. Spry, F. Stevenson and G. F. R. Pepler.

Dr. W. Pepler of Toronto spent Sunday in town and was the guest of Mrs. F. E P. Pepler.

Mrs. Scott of Hamilton is spending a few weeks in Barrie and is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. Morris.

A ball will probably be given in the early part of January by the Barrie bachelors. The one last year was a success in every respect, so many will anticipate a gay time if the event takes place.

Mr. Fred Rewson of the Bank of Toronto (Toronto) has been transferred to the Barrie branch recently.

Mr. J. Godfrey Bird of Gananoque is spending his holidays in town.

Rev. Mr. Hill of Cookham was in town on Tuesday and gave a very interesting lecture in the parochial school house.

A grand bazar and promenade concert was held last Thursday in the town hall in aid of the hospital.

Mr. Nicholson, formerly of Barrie, spent a few days here lately.

Mr. B. Schreiber left last week for London where he will probably remain some time.

OCULAIRE.

How to Retain Beauty.

A New York society woman noted for her fresh youthfulness, says that the way in which she preserves her charm and escapes wrinkles is by going to bed when things grow unpleasant:

"When I get overworked with my social duties, when things go wrong generally, and when I get into that mood with which every woman is familiar, when life does not seem worth living and one hates one's best friends, I simply go to bed and stay there till things come straight and I begin to feel a new zest of life. I come back into the world in the most beatific frame of mind, with all my incipient wrinkles gone and everybody glad to see me. If women would just try this prescription they would be surprised to find how it lengthened life yonder, soothed their nerves, and made them far more agreeable companions and friends.

"An anxious mother who had a young daughter out for her first season, and who feared bad results from her not very strong constitution being subjected to the strain of a madly gay season, took this suggestion to heart and insisted that no engagements of any kind should be made for Sundays, and that her daughter should remain in bed all day, only getting up for tea and then going to bed again early. The result was that she brought her through the winter without so much as a cold, and when she left town for the summer she looked as fresh and rosy as when the autumn began.

"Lady Londonderry, the most beautiful woman in England, with a proud rose and white loveliness that Time seems to have not the heart to blemish, has always followed this prescription. She spends one out of every ten days in bed. She sleeps until she wakens naturally, takes a warm bath, and goes back to bed, where she has a light breakfast, and then tries to go to sleep, or else lies quietly doing nothing, with the room kept dark. She sleeps as much as she can, and if she gets bored her maid reads her a few chapters from some light and frivolous novel. At six she rises and puts on a dressing gown and has her dinner in her dressing-room while her bed is arranged for the night, and remains on a sofa by the fire till about ten o'clock. She will not allow anything to interfere with this programme, and certainly the result seems admirable."

Mysterious Disappearances.

Guest—Waiter, I ordered cheese.

Waiter—Yes, sah; I brought it, sah. Right there, sah.

Guest—Humph! One little piece! Was that all you were given?

Waiter (anxious for the credit of the establishment)—They gen'ly gives three or four pieces of cheese, sah. Maybe some of 'em got away.

How They Marry.

Returned Tourist—And so your daughter is married! She was the idol of her set. Did she make a wise choice?

Hostess—About as wise as women generally make. You know she was devoted to society—one of those social beings who live and breathe in a whirl of excitement, and she was scarcely ever without half a dozen companions.

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, she married a light house keeper."

•

The new Arlington Hotel is about to mark an epoch in its history by the opening next week of the magnificent new wing just completed on John street, overlooking the beautiful grounds of the Upper Canada College. All the rooms in this grand addition to this fashionable West End hotel are *en suite*, and fitted up in a style of unsurpassed elegance. The rooms are all furnished in oak and mahogany of the latest and most æsthetic patterns and designs. The carpets are the richest procurable, and were laid down by the well-known house of Beatty & Son, King street. The furniture was partly imported from Detroit and partly procured from the enterprising firm of Hess & Co., most of the articles being duplicates of those furnished to the celebrated C. P. R. hotel at Banff. The most refined taste has been exhibited in all the appointments. The stained glass is the beautiful handiwork of the firm of McCausland & Son. Throughout this grand hotel an air of home-like quiet prevails, making it a very desirable residence for its guests. Among those who have taken up their quarters there we notice several well-known Toronto families, viz.: Dr. Covernton and Miss Covernton, Clarke Gamble, Q.C., and Mrs. Gamble, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mrs. Russell, Miss Russell and Mr. John W. Russell, Mr. Edmund Bristol, of the law firm of Howland, Arnoldi & Bristol, and Mrs. Bristol, Professor Baldwin of Toronto University, Mr. W. D. Grand and family, and many others. A very successful future may confidently be predicted for this charming residential hotel.

Toronto College of Music.

The following programme, given on Saturday afternoon, December 7, may be taken as a fair specimen of the work done at the weekly pupils' concerts:

Kuhlau—Sonata	Miss McKinnon
Mozart—Minuet and Trio	Miss Murton
Kuhlau—Sonatina	Miss Kane
Tours—Echoes	Miss Mortimer
Weber—Scena and Aria—Der Freischutz	Mrs. Parker
Lucantoni—Waltz Song	Miss Rutherford
Shelley—Love's Sorrow	Mr. R. J. Hall
(Vocal and piano pupils of Mr. Torrington.)	
Mendelssohn—Spinning Song	Miss Snider
Schumann—The Message	Miss Langstaff
Kuhlau—Sonatina	Miss Mara
(Pupils of Mr. H. M. Field)	
Kuhlau—Sonata	Miss VanDusen
Heller—Etude	Miss Parsons
(Pupils of Miss Williams)	
Mozart—Air and Variations	Mr. Thos. Barr
(Pupil of Mr. W. O Forsyth.)	
Beethoven—Rondo in C	Miss Halliday
(Pupil of Mr. Ernest Mahr.)	
Mozart—Sonata	Miss Smith
(Pupil of Mr. Carl Martens.)	

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES
YILDIZ
CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

NEW MUSIC
NADJY

Vocal Score	$1 25
Piano Score	75
Waltz	60
Lancers	60
Polka	60
Lightly, Lightly (most popular song in the opera)	40
We Are the Exiles, dramatic song	40

All ERMINIE MUSIC also, published by
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association,
13 Richmond Street West.

DIAMOND RINGS—SPECIAL PRICES

$12, $14, $ 6 $18 and $20

There rings are 14 karat gold, single stones, white and very brilliant. Cut a paper the size of your finger and send with your order. The above prices for the next two weeks only.

E. BEETON, High Grade Watch Specialist
Opp. Post Office, Toronto

WINTER RATES
NOW IN FORCE FOR ALL
Franco-Atlantic and Southern Passages
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 72 Yonge St., Toronto.

HOLIDAY GOODS

In selecting presents for gentlemen what more appropriate one could you buy than one or more of the many articles of fine goods carried by us? If you wish you can order a half dozen of our celebrated Duplex Shirts, or you can select a Dressing Gown or Smoking Jacket—all splendidly made and perfect fitting, or a pair of fine Lined Gloves. We carry some very fine lines up as high as $3.25 per pair, or a pair of Silk Braces, a dozen of fine English or American Collars, a Fine Rubber Coat, or a fine Silk Umbrella. Look through our stock if you want fine goods.

WHEATON & CO.
17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS OF CIGARS

MUNGO	5c.
CABLE	5c.
EL PADRE	10c.
AND MADRE E HIJO	10 & 15c.

THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.

NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Having now returned from New York, is prepared to show a large and choice assortment of
MILLINERY NOVELTIES,
NEW VEILINGS, Etc.
Special attention has been given to the Dressmaking Department, which is complete with a select stock of Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings.

MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON
122 KING STREET WEST,
OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE,
Miss Johnston has returned from Paris, London and New York with a full line of
Novelty Dress Goods and Trimmings
DISPLAY OF
PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS
These goods are now being opened.

THE FINEST DIAMOND RING
Ever offered in the Dominion for $20. Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size; which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

TRADE MARK
W. F. ROSS & CO
ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE
STREET EAST,
TORONTO.
High Grade
Non-Magnetic
Swiss & American
WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—We can't all be beautiful. Of course we're sorry, but since that doesn't mend matters, we must make the best of the material on hand. I often think of this when I see red, rough, uncared for hands, with untrimmed nails.

I was quite charmed with a paragraph I saw recently relating to hands which characterized a beautiful hand as an enviable possession.

"A slothful hand," runs the quotation, "may indeed be small and shapely, but it is feeble, limp and characterless, unattractive to the eye and touch, and as years go on, it will either grow plump and puffy or waxen-looking and wrinkled."

I have touched hands which were flabby, clammy and without character, and I wonder now if it was because they were lazy hands that they predisposed me against the owner.

A useful hand is strong, firm and supple. The clasp is an inspiration. It is a delight. A fair measure of real work makes the hand more shapely. It tends to elongate it, and a busy hand may be also a beautiful one, with that requisite—care.

Well so much for hands. It was a pleasure to me to find that I was not alone in disliking to touch a moist and spongy hand, and that industry was no foe to prettiness.

After all work ennobles even—hands.

A very beautiful evening dress is a rare combination of black and white, that startling, but fascinating union of the extremes. The tablier is of white duchesse satin, embroidered with a flight of swallows, black as ink. The court train is black duchesse satin, while the bodice, white in color has tiny sleevelets of black, and on one shoulder rests a swallow.

Another novel dress is of white duchesse satin. The full round skirt has a foot-trimming of shaded red and pink roses, with very natural leaves in greens and browns. The satin is veiled with one thickness of tulle, as are also the roses, but the filmy mistiness only renders more beautiful the elegant materials. The bodice has epaulets of roses, and a garniture of the same shaded beauties crosses from right shoulder to left hip.

With the now fashionable blonde heads, violet has become a much-sought color. Patti, the divine warbler, can do it once again, and then Patti the raven-tressed singer shall be the sunny-locked diva. When she does she may wear this elegant dress in mauve velvet.

It is dignified, stately, and oh, so lovely. The tablier is one mass of violets in their own lovely purple shade, with here and there a leaf of green to make one dream they grew there. The gown is *en train*, and the bodice cut V-shaped, has a berthe of violets.

I saw such a pretty bonnet at the matinee today. It was Empire in style, reseda green in color. The crown was formed of lengthwise puffs, and banded with Roman braid, showing a glint of gold on a groundwork of the same green. It was completed by an aigrette a little to the left front and a pair of Empire strings, pinned after their fashion with a gilt buckle at the center of the back, and ending in a wee butterfly-bow under the chin.

A very pretty wedding custom is this: The bride's bouquet contains as many flowers of one kind as there are bridesmaids. To one of the flower stems a ring is attached, and after the ceremony, the attending maids each draw a flower from their friend's bridal ones. The maiden who is lucky enough to get the ring is supposed to be the next one to wear a wedding gown. Some one sarcastically remarked that the device was brought into prominence on purpose to furnish an impetus to the best man. That may be or that may not be, the custom is a pretty one and one that promises to be universally and deservedly popular.

I saw such a beautiful design in applique work the other day. It was a pond lily pattern, and so artistically and naturally wrought, that I, who despise the conventional lilies and much-abused roses of general fancy work, caught myself looking, admiring and photographing on mental plates, the daintily-executed blossoms.

The leaves were in various, pretty, and wholly natural shades of green satin, applied to the crimson plush, and held with silk floss which served for veins. The lily petals were of creamy white, and had rich golden stamens of floss. The stems were also of satin, applied in the same manner, the whole forming a truly elegant piece of work.

Brown and fawn is a combination, which has been popular ever since the fawn shade rushed into favor and created such a furore. People say it is old. They sneer at it, and yet it is pretty despite their cold shoulders. Who that saw Julia Marlowe in the shepherd lad's garb could deny that fawn and brown made a pretty, a quiet, and an artistic combination? Till next week, Mollie dear, believe me,

Your sincerely,

CLIP CAREW.

Trinity Talk.

The Christmas examinations have begun and will continue for another week.

Mr. A. F. R. Martin, '92, who for the past week has been unwell, has returned to college after a few days' rest at his home in Hamilton.

The last meeting of the Literary Institute for Michaelmas term was held on Friday evening last, Mr. J. H. H. Coleman in the chair. The attendance was fair, and a good programme was gone through. Mr. Bedford Jones read a humorous selection, and Mr. Ince's essay on Humanity showed careful preparation and the subject, which in most cases would have been extremely dry, proved quite interesting. The debate, Resolved that the exclusion of Chinamen would be detrimental to the welfare of Canada, though rather an old one, admits of many strong arguments for either side. Mr. H. H. Bedford Jones and Mr. Pickford spoke for the affirmative, and Mr. Chilcott and Mr. Orr for the negative, the former winning by a small majority. The meeting then adjourned.

The last regular meeting of the Missionary and Theological Society was held on Monday evening last, when Mr. Chapple, a gentleman who for several years has been living in Japan, read a paper on the customs and manners of the Japanese, which proved both interesting and instructive and was much enjoyed by all fortunate enough to be present.

In the December number of the *Review*, which will appear shortly an article may be looked forward to from Mr. O. A. Howland, as well as a communication from Mr. Goldwin Smith on The Educational Institutions of the Church.

Rev. J. D. Hague, '85, has been appointed assistant master at Trinity School, Port Hope, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. W. E. Cooper, B.D., who has accepted the rectorship at Grafton.

Owing to bad weather the attendance at the second of Dr. Bourinot's lectures on Comparative Politics was not as good as the first of the series. The subject on Tuesday last was the Federal System of Switzerland. Dr. Bourinot began by showing the great strength which even a small community like Switzerland can present when united by ties of common interest, and a desire to preserve their liberty, and showed the different attempts to arrive at these ends, till finally in 1878 the Federal system was reached in its truest form. At present the federation consists of twenty-two cantons united to promote the strength of the nation. He then described the government of the Federal system, and traced the similarities between it and the constitution of the United States and judging from the success of the systems in these two countries Canadians might gather confidence for the success of the political experiment in which they are engaged. This will be the last lecture delivered by Dr. Bourinot during this term and the series will be completed in the early part of Lent term.

How to Write an Advertisement.

Mr. Chas. Stowe, the man who writes most of Barnum's advertising literature, has been telling an English paper how he does it. Mr. Stowe has written several plays, one of which was successfully produced in New York, but he probably finds "ad." writing more lucrative and not very derogatory to his dignity.

"I have often said," he began, "that the majority of people read with the eye; it is the eye which first takes a thing in. It should, therefore, be the aim of a writer of advertisements to use such expressions as at once and at one time appeal to the eye and impress themselves upon it. This is the whole secret of my art, if art you can call it. The words, phrases, and expressions which most rapidly catch the eye are adjectives and adjectival, and in the show business the use of adjectives is imperative and indispensable. But there is one thing that must not be overlooked in the choice of the adjectives; they must be appropriate and they should be startling. Now I have had no more complete proof of the fact that my adjectives possess these characteristics than in the circumstance that many of the London newspapers have referred editorially to them. Not always in a complimentary spirit, it is true, but the compliment is there all the same; for if they had not read my advertisements how would they know that I had used the words and expressions they presume to laugh at!

"There is another point of a noteworthy description about advertisement writing. It is this: if the advertisement is to be a success, it must be grammatical, and there must be as few repetitions as possible. Another thing, while the advertisement wants to be as startling as possible, all descriptions should be as true to facts as possible, of course there is certain admissible exaggerations. A newspaper claims for itself the largest circulation in the world, a draper announces that he has the largest stock of silks in the city, a crockery dealer declares he has the newest and latest importations of French china, and so on; what is true, that we have the greatest show on earth. Well, the public is always lenient to these statements; but if the draper said he had a certain kind of silk on sale which he did not have, or if we said we would exhibit an act or a curiosity which we did not possess, why the public would then come down upon us as impostors. And rightly too.

"Now I have been accused of manufacturing words and of concocting adjectives. I defy any one to produce a word in any of my advertisements that I cannot find in a good dictionary. No, sir, I do not use any dictionary when I am writing, I suppose I have been long enough in the business now to do without one. The art of advertising does not consist in concocting adjectives nor in compounding words, but in making judicious and perfectly legitimate combinations of words which already exist. I do not think I ever use incorrect words either. For instance, I never use the word terrific or terrible for tremendous. I have seen both those words used, though, for that meaning in newspapers, and English newspapers too. Now, I don't do that. I use up all my synonymous words and then I use sentences and phrases which are synonymous with the words. I dress up my sentences. In the great number of bills and programmes that I write I have to describe several times over the same performer or performance. I make the endeavor to vary my descriptions as much as possible, in order that the public, which is to read my descriptions, may read about the same thing over and over again, until it is, so to speak, fixed upon the mind without the subject becoming wearisome by constant repetition."

Sufficient Credentials.

Careful Parent—Before I can give consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter, I must know something about your character.

Suitor—Certainly, sir, certainly. Here is my bank book.

Careful Parent (after a glance)—Take her, my son, and be happy.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Not Good Poetry, But Facts.

Buy it; try it. Try it; buy it. Best in the world, and nothing comes nigh it. Nonsuch Stove Polish makes no dust. *Ditto—ditto—ditto*—covers the rust. Easily applied. An unequalled shine. And use *Mirror* Varnish *whenever you climb* up on a step ladder to varnish your stove pipes.

Afternoon Receptions.

The distinguishing difference between morning (or business) and afternoon dress lies mainly in the delicacy of the accompaniments to the garments worn rather than in any radical difference in the clothes that a man of taste dons in the afternoon. A lady not so many years ago wrote that she found to her surprise that the most expensive clothes, the most absolute compliance with the cut and shape in vogue, was not enough when she began to go into Washington society. There must be added style! And herein lies the difference between the man of taste and the man who conventionally follows merely the prevailing novelties. The man of taste will go home after bank hours, and in preparing himself for an afternoon reception will change his clothes from boots to hat. He will put on this season's pantaloons shading on a dark steel or stone color. The coat must be of dark cloth, the plain rough Saxony or Vicuna cloth, or one of the new wide wale diagonals a cutaway with three or four buttons cut rather low in the neck with vest cut as low, allowing ample space for the knot of a four-in-hand scarf. The overcoat should be of dark material, matching as near as possible the under cutaway coat. It may be worn with a facing according to the fancy of the wearer. The fashionable West End Tailor having just received an excellent consignment of these goods would invite your early inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

ROSENBAUM'S BAZAAR

159 King Street East---the Market

Is now ready for visitors to inspect the

CHRISTMAS GOODS

OUR KID BODY DOLLS

With Unbreakable Heads, Shoes, Silk Stockings, Gloves, &c., at 25c. are selling very fast.

No Trouble to Show Goods

Armson & Stone.

REPEAT ORDER

Just delivered, some more of those elegant Jackets at $5 75, cannot be equalled in the city.

Also special lines at $3 75, $4 75 and up

Sealette Mantles to order a specialty with us.

PERFUMES

A few of the Leading Odors

OLD HUNDRED
PERSIAN BOUQUET
LINDEN BLOOM
WILD OLIVE
CHERRY BLOSSOM
CRAB APPLE BLOSSOM
GOYA LILY
MAY BELLS
QUEEN BESS

Besides all the specialties of the best makers.

Bingham's Pharmacy

100 Yonge Street, Toronto

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

BERMUDA

Sixty hours from New York—THURSDAYS.

BARBADOS

Trinidad and West Indies—FORTNIGHTLY. A. AHERN, Sec. Quebec S.S. Co., Quebec.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 72 Yonge St., Toronto.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

Fast route to London and Continent. Express steamers twice a week from New York to Southampton (London, Havre and Paris) and Bremen.

S. S. TRAVE.....Wednesday, Dec. 18
S. S. LAHN.....Wednesday, Dec. 25
S. S. ALLER.....Wednesday, Jan. 1

Clyde built steamers. Palatial equipment. OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling Green, New York.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 72 Yonge St., Toronto.

HOLIDAY GOODS

Black Basket Raisins	New Grenoble Walnuts
Blue "	" S. S. Almonds
Finest Dehesa Clusters	" Brazil Nuts
" " Layers	" Filberts
Finest Valencia Raisins	Finest Malaga Grapes
" " Layers	" Florida Oranges
Finest Vostizza Currants	" Messina Lemons
" Sultana Raisins	Crosse & Blackwell's Candied Peels, the best in the world
" 7 Crown Figs	
" Crystallized Figs	

Pickles, Sauces, Capers, Olives, French and Canadian Canned Goods, Full line French Crystallized Fruits. Inspection invited.

THE GEO. W. SHAVER CO.

Telephone 1850. 244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Sts.

EVERY HOUSEHOLDER

SHOULD USE

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

The cheapest and most nutritious food obtainable, its force value as a food being three and a half times that of equal weight of beef.

GRAVINA

(Edwards' Gravy Powder)

Easily soluble, quickly cooked, less than five minutes being sufficient to produce an excellent gravy.

Cook book gratis and post free.

FRED'K KING & CO., Ltd., Sole Manufacturers, Belfast and London, and 30 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal

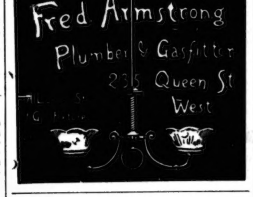
THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS

CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE

For Manufacturing New Designs in

Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches

77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King



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Is undoubtedly the

Best Commercial and Shorthand School

For young Ladies and Gentlemen to attend

Send 2 cent stamp for their large new prospectus. Address

J. M. CROWLEY

Corner Yonge and Shuter Streets, Toronto, Can.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.

Are now showing the Finest Stock of FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS ever shown retail in the Dominion. Although our Sales for October were the largest we have ever had, still our stock is too large, and with a view of largely reducing the same,

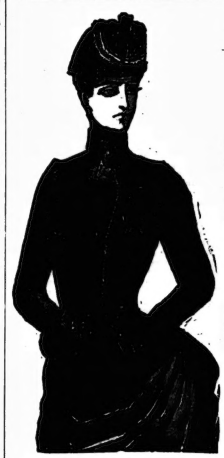
WONDERFUL BARGAINS

will be offered all THIS MONTH in Every Department. Every Lady in Town or Country will not only get the finest stock in the Dominion to choose from, but they will save money by doing their FALL AND WINTER SHOPPING at

W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S

17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO

Beautiful Women



No article of a lady's attire adds so much to the comfort, beauty and elegance of the wearer as a

SEAL MANTLE

or WALKING JACKET

THEY ARE OUR SPECIALTY

WE USE ONLY THE FINEST MATERIALS

WE GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT

JAMES HARRIS & CO.

99 Yonge Street, Toronto

DORENWEND'S

Hair Dressing Rooms

Is where the ladies of Toronto go to have their hair attended to.

Cutting, Shampooing, Singing, Dressing, &c.

Ladies attended to at their residences. Hair Dressing for Parties, Balls, Entertainments, Etc. Appointments can be made by telephone. Dorenwend also carries the largest stock of Hair Goods in Canada.

Ladies' Frontpieces, Bangs, Wigs, Switches, Etc.
Gents' Toupees, Wigs, Etc.

A. DORENWEND

Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street

TELEPHONE 1551.

TRY OUR NEW PATENT

YATISI YATISI

CORSET

This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.

Crompton Corset Co'y

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Thirst! An Ocean Incident.

A PASSENGER'S STORY

It was the twentieth day of the calm—of a calm so breathless, so hushed, so death-like that the like of it is unimaginable by the mind to which the fancy of the ocean comes as a vision of eternal restlessness. Day after day, for twenty days, had the great bald plane of the deep spread sleeping into the hot blue atmosphere of the horizon, staring up at the brassy heavens like a great eye, without the faintest stir of catspaw to tarnish it with a shadow, and without further life in it than a slow, sunsickly swell like the languishing heavings of a dying breast, upon which our brig rolled with horrible regularity, swaying with the punctuality of the pendulum-swing to and fro, to and fro, a dreary sweep of the white buttons of her trucks athwart the central pouring glory of the noonidas sky or across the hovering silver sheet of stars which whitened the indigo heavens from rim to rim when the last rusty tinge of sunset had melted out into the western gloom.

We were bound to Kingston, Jamaica. 'Twas many years ago, when brigs of the sort I was aboard of were regular West Indian traders plying the Thames carrying passengers and cargo with packet-like regularity; only that the passage that was sometimes made in five or six weeks very often ran into three and even into four months. The Pelican was the name of the ship I was in; she was as proper a little brig as ever slight could desire to rest on; copper-fastened to the bends with new sheathing that flung a sort of sunset into the water under her, when she lay at rest with light enough above to put a sheen into the metal; the sows of a clipper rising from knife-like sharpness at the forefoot into graceful breadth at the catheads and the lines coming along like the sheer of a swan to the elliptical stern with the right sort of molded quarters for slipping through the two seas, which her speed in a breeze promised to make fixtures abaft, one on either side. She was rigged as few vessels of her kind nowadays are, her top-gallant masts tapering into lofty, sky-rail poles, on which they would set moon-sails, as they were called, shreds of shining white cloth, mere parings of the moon they looked, or rather as though they had been formed of the wings of the flying fish, the daintiest imaginable spaces crowning each white spire, and making one think of a bit of cobweb hung between the wings of the flying fish, the daintiest imaginable spaces crowning each white spire, and making one think of a bit of cobweb hung between the spread of courses and top-sails on to the tender narrowing of the top-gallant sail, royal and sky sail.

I was the only passenger on board, though there was cabin accommodation for six or eight people. Our run after leaving the English Channel had been excellingly good for some days. The captain was in high spirits; 'twas his first command of the brig and he would talk to her as if she were his sweetheart as she flashed through it in long floating plunges, flinging rainbows to the windward sun and snowstorms to leeward, with a wake to her of what swung seething, with the luster of white satin over the blue ridges till the fan-shaped end of it vanished in the far off windy haze. Then on a sudden some days before our stem had approached the polar verge of the trade-wind the breezes shifted and came on to blow dead ahead, raising in time a sea that struck the weather bow in shocks which thrilled through the very heart of the little ocean beauty. With yards braced sharp up, reefs in the top-sails, the jib and stay-sail forward dark to midway their height with the saturation of the brine, we reeled along, foot on foot, on track then on another, staggering drunkenly upon the rushing surge, with masts aslope and shrieking rigging, and the yeasty spume flying side boiling up with the leeward scuds to the level of the top gallant rail. This was very well for a day or two; but before long it grew sickening and wearisome to the soul of it, even as though it were a drunken sailor's voice howling blasphemies. The captain's face grew longer every day. At noon there were sights to be had punctually, but very little encouragement to be got out of them.

"The Lord preserve us!" the old fellow would cry, "only twelve miles! I'm sick of all of them twenty four hours! Why, at this rate, 'twould be better to up keeling, head for a Spanish port—to Cadiz where the Andalusian girls be, and change our dollars into Madeirey and grapes, and so rest joyful until this here blowing weather changes its mind. Why, smite my eyes! if headway is to be the stanway it's about time for a man to coil down."

Well sometimes we'd get a little slant, the sea moderating with the moonlight to look up to our course within two or three points; but for a whole six weeks, incredible as it may seem, we were so bothered confounded, repelled by head winds, so defeated in every little nimble effort of seamanship that our lively hearty of a skipper adventured, by the aspect of the breeze, to sail south and east again head as after we had gone about, as though it meant to wear the souls out of the crew by keeping them pulling and hauling at the braces day and night, that at the expiration of seven weeks we might still say that even should the wind shift and come on to blow fair for us, and keep us running southeasterly throughout the rest of the passage Jamaica still lay a good month and a half distant.

Time wore on and the weather showing along as best we could, keeping our hopes polished by thoughts of the northeast trades. But this only breeze that blew was the quarter tasted but two days. For my part I don't believe it was the trade wind at all, not a breath from the fanning of a pinion of it. You would be afeard for the heavy trade cloud and see nothing but a pisbald sky, mottled like the soap the washerwomen use, with suds enough below in the arch of every billow to make one appreciate the likeness, with a black curl of cloud, perhaps, here and there, blowing across it and a little higher range of vapor trending westward, the wrong way, as one would suppose.

Now about this time the cook made a discovery. We were short of fresh water. God knows how the blunder had happened or who was responsible for it; but the casks in the hold told the truth and when the supply came to be examined and gauged it was discovered that if we were not to briefly perish of thirst all hands must be put forthwith upon the stingiest conceivable allowance. At the discovery of these I could not swear to what it was, though I have some recollection of about a pannikin full a day for all purposes of washing, cooking and drinking with a sullen hint that if our passage should be further delayed, it might come to a thimbleful with a thanksgiving to God thrown in that blessing. Of course we cast thirsty eyes up aloft in search of wet weather; but though it occasionally rained on the horizon the devil's luck was on the ship; no, a drop fell to darken our white decks with a blot as big as a dime. I put my finger into the dew on the rail at night but the taste was salt—salt with a dash of oil in it from the paint; for when we got into that dead and roasting calm the brig fell to blistering and scaling all over like a burnt body with some sort of hot paint in the air that it turned the very thirst in one into sickness.

I was making the voyage merely to have a look at Jamaica; had embarked without consulting people who might have given me a useful hint or two; like a fool had started very ill provided with private stores. I had laid in a small stock of hams, conserves, a few pounds worth of useless delicacies with a quarter of a hogshead full of fowls, a dozen or so of brandy and the like. What would I have given when that calm came to have converted the whole into beer! The ship's stock of drink, outside water, consisted of rum, of which the captain and mates drank freely, and which was served out rather too handsomely, I would sometimes think, to the sailors. But rum out of bond considerably above proof is not a liquor that cools the thirsty palate. The men mixed it with water with the idea of making the draught go further, but there was so little water to put to the spirit that the dose when it at all approached the proportions of a drink was as fire; thirst was increased by it and the men ended in cursing it, one or two of them only laying aft when grog was "piped." We looked out for ships hoping to get help in that way; but though we sighted several sail during our stormier progress, the high sea put even mere hailing out of question and when the dead calm fell, nothing swam into the stagnant circle in whose heart our brig lay like the Ancient Mariner's rotting ship.

That calm made a wild disappointment for us. We had flattered ourselves on the only light breeze with a huddle of white clouds in the quarter whence the draught came; and there was a prismatic image upon their clustering bows that promised to fling some weight into the breeze presently; instead of which the sea came stealing out from them into glass, with the setting sun staining a fierce smoky crimson into the vapor that seemed to make their bellies black as thunder with the reddening of their heads; and when the western light had died out into the indigo of the night the clouds were gone and there was not a rag of vapor of the size of a man's hand anywhere about, as you saw by the stars which went down in a sort of showering of silver, as it seemed, to the very edge of the sea that trimmed to the sky black and gleaming as the surface of an ebony table. Well, of course one went on living in hope; but I can tell you that at the end of the first week of this deadness the there was never an eye that looked over the side at the blue tranquility, with the blinding dazzle tremorless in its heart under the sun, without coming away from the sight with as scared and wild a look in it as if it had caught a glimpse of Death's own skeleton patiently floating with his mirthless grin close aboard us.

In those twenty days we slided—though God knows how! for I never remember so much as the weft of a breeze of air throughout the time—fifteen miles to the southward; as I live to write it! Fifteen miles only. Think of it—in twenty days! Our rigging grew grey with the heat and dryness, the sun burnt so fiercely that if you let your hand lie for the space of a breath upon the black woodwork or upon such brass ornamentation as the binnacle-hood or the shield atop of the capstan you raised a blister for yourself that gave you pain for days. So hot was the deck that the pitch seemed full of fire and if ever a man was rash enough to spring through the scuttle with his feet unshod he'd howl pain to the burning of his toes as though he had stepped into a kettle of boiling pitch. We had a bit of an awning stretched aft, but it did nothing cool to the cabin, which in fact it was impossible to exist below. It was not only the roasting atmosphere; the cockroaches blackened the beams; the place was full of rats besides; and then there was that sickening, heart-subduing eternity of rolling with every bulkhead creaking, with every separate member of the vessel definitely a note of its own, the regular clank, clank of doors jerking upon their hooks, along with the drowning sobbings of the water in the channel, ending in the bends. The stuff that the cook flung overboard at noon one day was close along side at noon the next day. We held a bottle in view for a week. It took it for a shark at first, times, guessing that from the wet flash it would give; holding it impossible that the monster could come so long and be within so narrow a sphere; but it punctually proved the bottle of yesterday and of the preceding days, until in a fit of desperation, and with a recurrence of that signal of our miserable stagnation, I let drive at it with my pistol and at the third shot shivered the glass and down it went.

It was the harder for the men, for their provisions were of a kind to breed thirst—salt beef sparkling with brine from the cask and boiled in salt water; dark and clammy pudding as acrid as the skimming of slush from the galley coppers could render it; salt pork the mere uneasy hue of which sent the imagination ashore to the can of frothing beer or better yet to the crystal of spring-water bubbling from the mountain side. The captain did his best to deal with this difficulty by giving the poor fellows fresh messes. There was very little left of the stuff he found that was worst. Indeed, our own fare aft was as briny as the forecastle victuals, only that it was of better quality, with a boiled or roast fowl or a hearty lump of pickled pork in it, which have waded through every sailor's daily allowance of it. No man had the art of distilling water and maybe for that reason the men never thought of, 'twas idle to look round for a sail in so dead a calm. There were very few steamers afloat in those distant times and the sailing fleet, however, did not venture far enough rather than these waters. And indeed no one then had more idea of sighting a steamship than we had of sighting a man-of-war.

Well, the morning of the twentieth day broke. The sea was the same surface of glass it had been for nigh hand three weeks; but it was noticed by some with a faltering of hope in every man's heart that the sun rose out of several long streaks of rosy cloud, a novelty in him, for the sun had been hitherto a fiery ball, a huge pink ball from behind the water line. Though his light was as tingling as of old we observed that the pink streaks lessened the brilliant dazzle. There was something of mistiness in it and the wake of him came sallowly, in a narrow band, to the brig's side, sulkily falling into it of the swell that ran rigging at him. Shortly after eleven in the forenoon one saw what this meant by the darkening of the blue at the horizon away down in the northwest quarter; and ere eight bells were struck our masts were aslant to a pleasant wind, buzzing blue and hot into every cloth that the sailors could pile upon the yards.

The captain had scarce brought his sextant away from his eye when a seaman, high aloft on the topgallant yard, with his face upon a showing black to the misty blaze of the sun as he swung from the tie, peering with shaded eyes under the foot of the royal, sent down an eager cry of "Sail on the starboard bow!" and within a quarter of an hour the gleam of her white to the tip of a single sail was visible from the deck, steady in the same direction, proving that she was either heading our way or that we were overhauling her. We were, we found on coming up, a little foot of a vessel and we watched that pearl-like shape, as one may say, with dying eyes. It was speedily apparent, however, that she was standing toward us; she rose fast, showing in the lenses of the telescope as a fine schooner hauling the wind, lying down to her breeze in a manner to prove that she was light, and growing with such swiftness as was ample warrant of a clipper's heels.

"An American," said the captain to me, "or I am much mistaken."

"Why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the sheen of her canvas," said he; "there's cotton enough in it for a hundred women's gowns. Pray Almighty Providence she be plentifully provisioned with fresh water!"

It was not long before we had a sight of her flag blowing from the foretop-mast head that we might see it clearly; the stars and stripes, as our captain had anticipated! but the stars upside down converting the beautiful banner into a signal of distress.

"So much the better" cried our skipper, with the selfishness of misery. "She'll be sure to be the more willing to help us if we are able to help her. But what ails her? Sickness, a skulking mutineer or two, or something that a cask of beef may remedy! he chuckled, following on with a cry to the helmsman, "nothing off, nothing off!"

She was as fine a schooner as ever breasted the blue surge; of the old Baltimore clipper type, black and long with a high bronzing of metal, and a noble flight of sea wings rising to the royal at the fore. You saw the white water pulsing at her bows as she came along, shearing through it like a knife through satin, with a hurry of light in her glossy sides that seemed reverberated to the very height of her in the tremulous pulling of her star-spangled bunting. Our captain was in the act, as I gathered from the tone of his voice and the movement of his lips, to order the brig's way to be arrested by bringing the top-sail to the mast, when he was stopped by the seaman crying about, then filling on the starboard tack with her square sails clewing up, her peak drooping, her main tack in the act of being triced aloft, the fore and aft sails in her canvas, which on the other hand had not started a stitch, that she must snug down yet if we were to overhaul her. To my fancy she had the look of a slaver, but with no ebony sides in her now. She was flying light indeed and traveled under her reduced canvas softly and nimbly as a sleigh over the frisky ripplings of the water.

We picked her up slowly, gradually driving down upon her; with features of her stealing out one by one: the staring white letters of her name Marie Richmond, across her counter, a long-legged fellow in flowing white trousers, a jacket and a hat like a planter's standing in the main rigging ready to hail us, a negro at the long sweep of tiller frequently turning his chin upon his shoulder to watch us coming, and a crowd of mopping and mowing heads along the rail, dingy-skinned for the most part, a few of them blacks and as picturesque as a pirate's company of rascals with their many colored apparel of red cap, white straw hat, blue shirt and the like. Our captain got upon the rail ready to speak to the stranger. We were likely to come down within a biscuit-toss of her with her maneuvering; for whilst we had kept our helm amidships throughout, there had been a constant jerking off in her direction and you would have almost thought that she meant to lay us aboard. The schooner hailed us first.

"Ho, the brig ahoy!"

"Hillo!" sang back the captain.

"We're nigh all hands dead men here for the want of a drink. For God's sake spare us a small supply of fresh water! The last drop was drained out yesterday as the Lord's my witness. I'll send a boat! I'll send a boat!"

One saw now how very wild the crew in the faces clustered along the schooner's rail. As for the fellow who had hailed us, his voice came along with as much note as a parrot's and the more hearing of him was a torment in its way. There was a stir among the men as though they would get their boat over. Our captain instantly responded:

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. We've scarce got water ourselves to last us another week and an equal number of men as you."

"By God, but you must share it with us!" cried the other.

"No," shouted our captain "all other stores we have you're welcome to a supply from. We can help ye to beef, to rum, to molasses—but the little drop of water we have we must keep for our own sake."

A husky voice from the men at the schooner's side yelled out with the tone of a scream in it, "We're dying of thirst! We'll give ye anything we have with us for the sake of Jesus!"

'Twas horrible to hear them and to watch them, to feel our helplessness, to see the fire in their anguish; and our own disappointment too was bitterly acute for want of water was the last thought that would have been put into our heads by the sight of the inverted stripes and stars.

"Stranger," cried the fellow in the main rigging, gesticulating and shouting the words as whilst he put the other to his mouth to help carry his voice. "We're dying men aboard this craft and detained for that reason; and so help me Hell! I'd not don't much for a drink of fresh water yield us a drink all round we'll board ye and take it for ourselves.

At this threat our sailors—all hands as you will believe were on deck—gathered themselves together as with a sort of instinct with a quick look round for handspikes or whatever else might be useful in their fists, one or two of them whipping off their jackets on the spot, whilst I saw another roll his cuffs up and spit into his palms. There were twelve of us, we told, and some sixteen or eighteen of the schooner's company, several of them negroes, as I have said, with a few half-bloods, the rest of them American seamen.

Our captain bawled back: "Sorry it's out of our power to serve ye. Give us no threats. We're quietly connected, hearing distressed. But what can't be done won't be done."

With that he dismounted from the rail, motioning to the fellow at the wheel to keep the brig off awhile. I overhead the boatwarks, looking at the schooner. For my part I never for a moment dreamt that her skipper, as I have said, was the fellow to be, was in earnest in threatening to board us. 'Twas a mere idle stroke of despair in him, I thought; and was prepared for no sea-thieves aboard, for our capture by dropping from the rail accordated his resolution not to help him, and besides there had been a sorrow and an honesty in his voice that should have kept his men from aboard the schooner that he had told nothing but sheer truth, cruel as it was, in speaking of our water stock. But, I repeat, the long-legged man in the rigging, after looking idly on for a moment or two, dropped like a marline spike to the deck and sang out an order, the purport of which I could not gather. The crew left the rail in a rush, some tailing onto the jib halliards, some hauling down the tack of the mainsail. Their movements were full of breathless hurry, but their intentions were now apparent. No sooner had they made and trimmed sail for the manoeuvre that was to follow, than they ran about seeking objects with which to arm themselves, some whipping out iron belaying pins, others flourishing the handles of breath-knife, pieces of spare iron stretchers out of the boats; the schooner meanwhile settling down upon our quarter with a gradual sweep as if she would come to a halt and bring her rubbing her sides against ours in a few minutes.

Our captain stared bewildered at the craft for a moment, then bawled to the mate: "Mr. Moody, we are without small arms. Let the men collect whatever they can light best with. We must prevent the boarding, whatever they're dead men. Watch where she means to throw her people and gather the hands about the place ready to resist them." So saying, he bundled in red-hot haste below and almost instantly reappeared bearing in his hand a great blunderbuss with a muzzle resembling the mouth of a bell. He bowled right aft on his rounded shanks, and sprang to the grating abaft the wheel, holding the weapon high in the air that all might see what he purposed. "Captain," he shouted, "we're done you no ill; we're as sorry for you as if you were ourselves and God knows we're sorry; but we must speaking our tongue as ye do and having our blood in ye. But we must stand first in this murdering business. We've got not a drop of water to spare and what we have we mean to keep; so stand by; the first man as attempts to put his foot upon this here brig I'll shoot dead."

He sprung off the grating and then stood looking on and waiting gripping his blunderbuss with both hands with the muzzle of it grinning a little beyond the rail. A roar full of defiance and despair swept from the schooner's decks in response to his words. The swift and beautiful vessel, easy as her canvas was, crept down upon us at the pace of two feet to our one. I saw her long tapering jibboom come slowly sliding past our quarter and then, as it was no time now for mere staring only, I pulled a heavy pistol out of the side pocket and the sailors who stood grouped along close to the main rigging. The height of the bulwarks prevented our firing down on the boarders, but loud shout alongside, then saw our captain take aim with his blunderbuss; but the powder merely flashed in the pan. It was the best thing that could have happened, I thought even at that moment, as I saw him bring his foot with a heavy stamp upon deck and catch up his weapon by the barrel with preliminary whirl of it round his head as he approached us. There was a short pause, a dead silence, indeed twhilst you counted ten, with nothing to hear but the brook-like streaming sounds of water murmuring behind the two gliding vessels; then followed a hurricane of wild shouts. Our ratrice the Yankees were aboard us, tumbling pell-mell upon our men, and striking to right and left with the desperation of madmen. We were not only a few few to them; their rage of thirst converted them into veritable demons. Our decks were soon as bloody as if the conflict had been an action between two men-of-war. Here and there lay a motionless figure. There were constant shouts of "show us the water! show us the water! We don't want your lives! We want the water only!"

I hit out with the others, and have a clear recollection of saving my head from a blow that might have crushed it, by letting drive at the uplifted arm with such force that the fellow let fall his handspike with a howl of suffering as the sprang at me. I dodged him and slipped, and in falling struck the back of my head against the coaming of the main hatch with a violence that stunned me. How long I lay insensible I don't know. They said afterward it would have been about twenty minutes. At all events by the time my consciousness returned, the Yankees had done their work, beaten half our men down into the forecastle, disabled most of the rest, broached our last water cask and drained it! and were now returned to their own vessel, carrying their wounded with them. Some of our fellows were badly hurt, though none dangerously so; but their wounds were of a nature to have made our brig, without fresh water, a very hell of suffering, had it not been for our happily sighting next morning a hopeless wreck—a French sloop-of-war homeward bound, whose captain, on hearing our story, supplied us with water enough to last us for the rest of the passage. That the Marie Richmond should have met with similar good fortune I heartily hope, spite of the usage her people gave us.

The thing looks dim with time as I turn my eyes back, yet though nigh half a century old it will be one of the freshest of all the memories my mind preserves down to the hour of my death. To show the whole horrors of it one wants a big canvas. The Lord preserve us! to think now of making the voyage in a little brig! I'd as soon ship with Dana again in the little Pilgrim for California!

The Influence of the Drama.

Following is a portion of a lecture on the importance of the stage delivered recently by the English actor, Wilson Barrett, before the New York Society of Anthropology: Things one reads and hears merely pass by, or are described may leave the memory and be forgotten, but it is seldom that a man forgets the effect made upon him by a great actor of a great situation in a play. His mind, eye, heart and ear have all been appealed to. And it is quite a common thing to hear a fellow-man of the world describe with even deep emotion the effect made upon him years and years before by some powerful piece of acting or some strong situation in a drama. Drama is appreciated by everyone. Sermons, essays, lectures, pictures, poems, counsel, advice, may sometimes pass from the memory. A grand episode in a play, grandly delineated, never! Granting this, consider for a moment the enormous influence for good that a fine play may have upon a community. Think of the spell cast nightly upon thousands of people by fine play and players. Think of the descriptions that these thousands will give to thousands of others. Think of yourselves if you can have a doubt that the mission of the drama is not only to amuse, but to lead to thought and to instruct.

I have been asked again and again what would be the effect upon the drama, if religious people, or so-called religious people, and the clergy were regular attendants at the theater. The influence must be wholly for good. It stands to reason that men are more or less influenced by their surroundings. Put a good man and a bad man together in constant companionship, in the end each must, to a certain extent, be influenced by the other.

Amusement of some kind men will have, and it should be the care of those who guide and govern the masses to see that the amusement is wholesome and healthy. Large employers of labor know very well that the brighter, happier and more cheerful their work-people are, the more labor they can accomplish.

A merry heart goes all the day;
Your sad one tires in a mile.

And here I come to another question: Is the theater, after all, merely a place of amusement? I answer, distinctly, NO. I claim that it, that it should be, and generally is, the means of instruction. If I am asked what instruction is gained from some of the flimsy farces and flimsy plays which are produced at times, I answer that it is not to that class of dramatic work I am now alluding. If they are innocent of intention and execution, as they ought to be, and, indeed, generally are, they furnish harmless amusement, and that is a great deal; and there they purpose end. But as there are books and books, pictures and pictures, so there are plays and plays. Take any moderately good play; let it be well produced, and instruction from it will be gained from seeing its representation. And a good historical play, well dressed and mounted, is in itself a lesson in history. The spectator will learn something of the manners, customs, costumes and architecture of a bye-gone age. Then, again, well-trained actors give in their performances nightly lessons in elocution, an art too often neglected, not only by the masses, but by those whose mission it is to govern, guide and teach. The art of speaking well is one by no means to be despised even by those who have no desire to figure either as orators, preachers or actors. Listen to the ordinary conversation in any room; listen first to the harsh grating and squeaking of an uncultivated tongue, then hearken to the contrast afforded by a pleasant voice, a neat enunciation, and a cultivated tone. It is folly to say these things are of small importance; they are not, and if they were, life is made up of small matters, and the accumulation of little worries or little pleasures constitutes the difference between a pleasant life and an unpleasant one. Then as to scenery. A well painted scene is a lesson in art, as any well painted picture must be. Is it nothing to the world that the masses should know something of art? I think it is a matter of vital importance. The higher the skill of the workman, the more valuable is his work; and the better life we give the people the demand. In most things the American workman can hold his own against the world. If he has a weakness it arises from the want of training; he is taught less about art than his rivals in Europe. The wonderful strides made in the past few years are patent to the shallowest observers. But there is much still to be done; and more schools of design, art institutes and well managed theaters are required to help the American workman to compete with his foreign rival. I would say to the manufacturer, encourage art in every form. All that tends to beautify and brighten life should be encouraged. Manufacture blackens with its smoke our landscapes, and fouls and pollutes with its refuse our streams. Let us also help to brighten the homes of our people. Feed the commercial aspect alone art is of value. The manufacturers who are making fortunes to-day are those who are shrewd enough to unite with sound workmanship the most artistic designs. Help art, I repeat, in all its forms. Help the theater to hold its proper place in your midst. Think of the vast influence on the literature of all ages that the dramas of the old Greeks, of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Goethe and Schiller have had. How much of our written and spoken English is made up from quotations of Shakespeare. Robert Lincoln once told me that his father, Abraham Lincoln, never traveled without an edition of Shakespeare in his pocket. Who shall say how much or how little Shakespeare helped to form his noble character? Recognize the noble mission of the drama. There is no height to which it cannot soar, if the audience are able and content to follow it. There is no form of expression of thought so powerful or so convincing as the dramatic. To the genius of the author you have the added power of the painter, the musician and the actor. Eye, ear, heart and brain are all appealed to at once, with a force that is irresistible. Respect the stage; the higher and nobler the art is the more it is less likely it is to be degraded by its professors. The drama must exist always. Let its existence be as strong and healthy as it is enduring.

Turned It Around.

Young Hopeful—Father, what is the meaning of the word "opera"?

Father—It means a work.

"That's what I thought. Now, can I opera you for three dollars to buy a couple of tickets for the comic work to-night?

A Definition.

Teacher—What is the meaning of the expression *hors du combat*?

Pupil (who reads the sporting papers—Put to sleep.—*Times.*

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When Romance Was Over.

Miss Dora Dwight, on her thirtieth birthday, received the first love letter of her life—the first offer of marriage. It was handed into the dormitory of the "Physicians' Orphans' Home"—not, as may be supposed, a home for the orphans doctors have made, but for the children of deceased medical men. Miss Dwight was matron there, and at the moment was changing the pillow-cases before the wash.

"I suppose it's about Johnny Gilroy and his swelled knee," said the servant. "Doctor Emory seems to think it was."

Miss Dwight, however, waited until the girl was gone before she opened the note. Then, not greatly to her surprise, she read the words:

"My Dear Dora,—You have known me since you were a baby. Do you like me well enough to marry me? Of course, you and I have given up romance long ago. I have had two wives. You must be thirty-two or three." [Just thirty," said Dora to herself; "he is sixty-nine."] "You will greatly improve your position by marrying me, and I always liked you. Please meet me in the garden after hours. I hope to find you under the willows. Yours, hopefully, B. Emory."

It was not a love-letter calculated to flatter the heart of a woman of any age. At first she said: "I will refuse him." Then she remembered how good and kindly he was. "I will accept him," said she, "but no romance shall be in my talk with him. He shall find me like a stone. He shall have the sort of wife he wants."

It was early when the door-bell clanged, and a foot crossed the long passage, and ceasing to echo on the painted floor, struck the stones. Earlier than she had expected him, but she was ready for him under the willows in the garden.

"I am glad to find you here," said a deep, old voice. "I thought you would be sensible enough to do what I asked, but I was not quite sure—not quite. No. You have read my note carefully? Yes? Well, imagine that I say to you again what I wrote. I await your answer with anxiety."

She looked at him, and he saw that she smiled in an odd, embarrassed way.

"Will you marry me, my dear?" he added. "I see I must make it easier for you to speak."

"It was a little hard to begin," she said.

"The usual reason moves me," he said. "I'm in love with you. I think it best to marry again, and I know no one like you—no one. I've had two wives before, I admit. However, neither of them complained of me, I believe. I have a very nice home, and, really, it will be a very much better position for you than being matron of an institution. You do it admirably, but I hate to see you here. Your father was older than I, but we were great friends. I think he would advise you to say 'yes.'"

She put her hand upon his arm.

"I am a very practical woman," she said. "If I marry you, I forfeit a good position that may be mine for life—an independent position. It is dangerous."

"My dear, you'll have half of all that is mine; and I'm not poor."

"You don't think me young, I know," she answered. "Who thinks a woman young at thirty! But you have four sons, hard business men older than I. They'll not approve of the match."

"They are not at home; it can't matter," said Dr. Emory.

"But," said Miss Dwight, with cruel distinctness, "the trouble will come when you die. You have made a mistake; you are older than poor father. If you leave me a widow, your sons will make every effort to take every thing from me; I shall be left with nothing, my place gone, my habits of industry, my briskness. I make no doubt you have heard of such cases; I have."

The suitor sat—and who can marvel at it?—stricken quite dumb by this speech. At last he gasped:

"You are candid."

"I am," she answered—"I am, indeed. Now is your time. You can take back your offer, Dr. Emory. Everything can be as it was before. I'll tear up your letter; I am content that all shall remain as it is."

"But, then," he answered, "I am not. After all, all you say is only true. I can face the music, I hope. My answer is this: Marry me, and I will make a will, leaving you everything, on our wedding day."

"That would be unjust," she said. "It would be a will to be contested. Leave me a home and an income." She named the sum sufficient to keep it up.

"That is moderate—sensible. And you will say 'yes,'" he said. "I promise, of course, I shall make it better than that, still leaving my sons no cause for complaint; but it is not my fault that we are not more romantic."

"Let the romance come afterward, if it can," said Miss Dwight.

After this, they walked about the garden awhile, and the day of the wedding was set, leaving time to find a new matron for the establishment. Miss Dwight was certain, as domestics say, "bettering herself;" but she was not elated.

In fact, a little regret stole into her heart as she walked about the place where she had been so independent, so respected; and wondered whether she would be happy in the future.

"At least," she said with a degree of bitterness, "I matched him with his romance in out of the question between two like us." Matched him and, went further."

The bell tinkled in the hall just as supper-time was over that evening, and in a few moments a servant came to call Miss Dwight.

"It's a gentleman; he don't know who he wants," she said. "Some one who knows all about the place, he told me."

And Dora went into the parlor, a bare looking room, long, and with white walls, a panel carpet, a library table, a horse-hair sofa, and six chairs, and the portrait of the founder of the home over the mantel-piece. There stood under this portrait, with his elbow on the mantle itself, a gentleman. Dark-eyed, dark-haired, with a face that was not so much handsome as delightful.

Writers often spend a good deal of time in discussing what it is that men see in the women whom they fall in love with—when they say:

"This is the woman for me!"

I believe the woman who meets for the first time the only man on earth to whom she would willingly give herself, has deeper experiences still.

The moment had come to Miss Dwight. She had waited thirty years for it, and now she did not know what it meant. But an unconscious smile came to her lips, a light in her soft blue eyes, a flush to her smooth cheek. She looked prettier than she could have dreamed possible of at that moment.

The stranger told his business. He had recently come from Paris, where he had been occupied in certain affairs for ten years. Meanwhile, his brother had died, having recently lost his wife. He understood, to his astonishment that his little nephews were in the home.

"Of course, I wish to take charge of them," he said. "I am a bachelor, but I can arrange for their care. They need not live on charity."

"It is not charity," said Miss Dwight, "Dr. Ellwood gave largely to the Home in his lifetime. The children are considered little ladies and gentlemen. They are well educated; taught the usages of good society. They will have a collegiate course when they leave this place. Most of the girls become teachers. I think. The boys choose their profession. There would be at least no need of haste in removing them."

They talked together awhile. She gathered that he was what might be called a poor man.

He lingered after the boys had come and gone. He came on the morrow, and again and again. The ostensible motive was to see his nephews, but he also desired to see Miss Dwight.

Meanwhile, Dr. Emory called every afternoon and consulted with Dora as to the new parlor carpet and the china.

"Buy good things," she said. "What is the use of getting a carpet that will fade soon, or china that chips; and silver makes a table look well. Besides, the things about a house belong to the widow—if I should be left."

"She is deaved practical," said poor Dr. Emory to himself.

This was after the new matron arrived and was being drilled in her duties by Miss Dwight who calmly said before every one:

"You see I'm to be married shortly."

Once he even remonstrated, saying:

"Do you know, poor Nellie never talked like that; nor my dear Maria."

"Of course not," said Miss Dwight. "But you remarked in your offer to me that (of course) you and I had done with romance long ago."

Dr. Emory tried to laugh, but he was not happy.

That afternoon he took a long, long ride to the sea shore, and stabling his horse at the hotel walked down to the beach. "The season" was over. The caterers expected only a little chance custom. It was a day when drifting clouds made it cool enough to be pleasant. There he sat down behind a big mountain of sand and watched the sea and thought of Maria, and how he used to kiss the back of her neck because the two little curls looked so cunning, and how she thought him handsome; how dear they were to each other.

How long his reverie had lasted he did not know, when merry voices sounded in his ear.

A man's tone, those of two little boys, and a woman's. Surely he knew the last speaker. He peeped from under his big Panama hat, and saw Dora. She had brought the Ellwood boys down for a holiday, at their uncle's request, and he had come also. Dr. Emory guessed who the gentleman was, for he had had the case of these boys before him, and was looking for two orphans to fill their places when they should be gone, but the presence of Mr. Ellword gave him offence. "It has quite the air of a family party," he said.

The boys played about, dug with their little spades and filled with white sand those painted pails which all good picknickers buy at the seaside. They took off their shoes and stockings and waded along the edge of the water. The elder people seemed as happy as they, and how young! At last they sat down very near Dr. Emory with their backs to his sand burrow, and he saw a man's brown hand drop upon a little white one and hold it tight. Without showing himself he could not see their faces.

"Do you know why I asked you to come here?" said the owner of the brown hand.

"To mind the children, as Sally says," replied the owner of the white hand.

"No, to tell you something," said Brown Hand. "Darling little woman, prettiest and sweetest of all created beings, I have loved you from the first moment I met you. Do you think you would mind marrying a man who has his fortune yet to make? Could you be poor with him, and yet be happy? You see I am poor, but I adore you and I'm selfish enough to ask you to do just that for my sake, if you can try to love me."

The white hand fluttered. A soft voice trembled.

"I should not have to try it," she sobbed. "It seems to come of itself, and as for poverty, I'd rather be with you than live without you and have millions. Oh! don't look happy, don't look happy, dear, when we both must be so miserable. I'm engaged; my wedding day is set. I thought I had outlived romance, and I promised to marry an old man who only wants a lady at the head of his house. Oh! why did you not come to me one day earlier?"

Silence fell. Dr. Emory heard them rise and go away. In a minute more a little boy rushed up to the sand mound and poked it with his spade.

"Here's a dead man," he said—"a drowned dead man."

"No; it's a tipsy man," replied Billy. "Let's pile sand on him."

This they proceeded to do, until Billy descried "uncle beckoning," and they departed on the run.

After the last train had gone cityward, an elderly gentleman took a sandwich and some ale at the hotel before getting into his gig. He emptied a great deal of sand out of his pockets, did not fee the waiters, and seemed to be, the cashier said, "in a temper." It was Dr. Emory. He drove straight home, and sat down at his desk.

"Thank Heaven, I can appear to have the best of her," he said, spitefully. "But the next time I propose to a woman I will not tell her that romance is out of the question."

Then he wrote:

"Miss Dwight,—I am an old man, but I find I have made a mistake. I have too much romance left in me to marry you. Any pecuniary recompense you desire I will offer; and, if you like, the matron's place, is again yours.

"Emory."

Miss Dwight only noticed this note by packing her engagement ring in pink cotton and sending it back. She did not want the matron's place, and she married Mr. Ellwood very shortly.

Dr. Emory is now courting a girl of sixteen, who vows she adores him, and wishes very loudly that he were hers. He likes it.

"O Be Tough."

A stout Englishman chanced to occupy the same seat with me, a few days ago, says a London writer, in one of the lifts, or elevators, which ply in the famous Eiffel Tower, at Paris. As the elevator mounts towards the third and highest platform, the altitude is indeed terrifying, and the wire cords which support the car seem fearfully small for the all-important task imposed upon them. Many persons, while making the ascent for the first time, are quite overcome by their sensations, and most anxiously wish that they were once more safely back upon *terra firma*. Something of this sort must have fallen to the experience of the florid Englishman before mentioned; for I saw the large beads of perspiration come out upon his bared brow, although the day was by no means warm.

His eyes seemed to be riveted on the wire cables, as they played steadily over the grooved wheels, and presently I saw his lips move rapidly, as if giving utterance to some brief but oft-repeated supplication. It was, perhaps, scarcely polite to listen. He very likely thought himself the only English-speaking person present. Yet an almost breathless hush now prevailed inside the car, and I could not easily avoid overhearing what he said. I confess, too, that in spirit, at least for the moment, I most fervently joined with him in his petition. For it was nothing less than a petition addressed to those wire ropes. He was saying over and over again: "O be tough! O be tough!"

In a Hurry.

Guest—Waiter, bring me a cup of toffee.
Waiter—How will you have it, sir; weak or strong?
"I'd like it weak, but not week after next. Hurry it up."

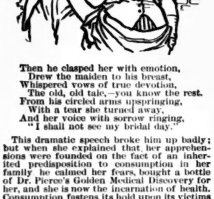
The Penalty of Pride.

He—And so you're really going to marry that professor! You, the heroine of a thousand engagements! How did you ever come to accept him?

His Cousin (from Boston)—Why, you see, he proposed in Greek, and when I refused him I got mixed on my negatives and—Mehercule—accepted him, and now I'm too proud to acknowledge my blunder. Oh, I'm his for life!—*Life.*

What It Cost.

At a leading restaurant on Saturday.
Waiter—What will you have, sir?
Guest—Dinner—is it *a la carte* or *table d'hote?*
Waiter—Yes, sir, fifty cents.



Then he clasped her with emotion,
Drew the maiden to his breast,
Whispered vows of true devotion,
The old, old tale,—you know the rest.
From his circled arms upspringing,
With a tear she turned away,
And her voice with sorrow ringing,
"I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic speech broke him up badly; but when she explained that her apprehensions were founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in her family he calmed her fears, bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for her, and she is now the incarnation of health. Consumption fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, **or money paid for it will be refunded.**

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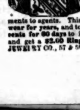

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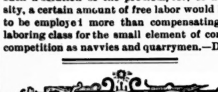
Thanks Friends!

From all quarters come flowing in marked copies of papers containing notices complimentary to SATURDAY NIGHT'S holiday number. Although unable to give space to these flattering remarks of contemporaries SATURDAY NIGHT is none the less grateful for these kindnesses and begs to return thanks. The general tenor of these notices indicates that the excellence and beauty of SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS number both in literary matter, illustration and typographical appearance have created a favorable impression throughout the country. When it is considered that SATURDAY NIGHT has been but two years in existence its publishers have just cause for pride in the fact that they have issued a holiday paper which in every feature rivals all other Canadian Christmas publications, and is in some respects superior. They have furnished an excellent *menu* of light and readable literature, appropriate to the season, and original throughout. In illustration they have at a bound leaped into genuine Canadian artistic work. Instead of giving process engravings of French and English paintings from the Salon, the Royal Academy, or photographs of Canadian scenery, and so forth, they have reproduced Canadian paintings full of life and action, and employed Canadian artists to make spirited and characteristic, original drawings for their paper exclusively. These features make the Christmas number of SATURDAY NIGHT more expensive in production than its rivals, yet the price has been made less burdensome, and it is unexcelled as a unique and delightful *souvenir* of the season of mirth and good cheere.

Criminal Labor.

A convention of those interested in prison reform has recently been in session in Toronto, and it must be confessed that the questions discussed are of exceeding importance. There has never been any doubt that youthful offenders and those for the first time within prison walls, should not be herded with professional criminals or be associated with the hopelessly debased. It is quite certain that we have no right to treat lunatics as criminals unless they have committed crime. I think there is a genuine endeavor in the counties throughout Canada to make provision for the grading of offenders and making the jail more of a reformatory than a moral pest house, but there is a great question for which a solution has not been found, though I think a very simple one offers and I take the liberty of repeating theories which I advanced some years ago. The question of employing convicts has always been a difficult one because indoor and mechanical labor is in direct competition with and must necessarily reduce the price paid to honest artisans. The government of Canada is always engaged in large public works for the benefit of the whole country and there are many of such enterprises which would be undertaken were it not for the vast expense involved. Now, it could not conflict with free labor if convicts were employed at such tasks. It would manifestly benefit Ontario if a ship canal connected our lake with the St. Lawrence and the ocean. We have convicts enough in Canada to build it within a few years if all those sentenced to a long term were employed upon it. Our Central Prison and Penitentiary alone could supply five hundred able-bodied men; the penitentiaries in the other Provinces would double this number. These men have to be supported at all events; they have to be watched; in idleness the majority of them are becoming more degraded than they were when they entered. Physically, confinement demoralizes them. It would be a crying shame to employ convicts in public places where thousands of passers-by would identify faces, because when released the convict would be a marked man. The fact that he had been seen working in a chain gang would make redemption almost hopeless. The only districts through which canals are being built, or are likely to be built, are such that this argument could not be used against the scheme. I have never seen any good reason given why the convicts are not so employed. It would be a punishment which they would all dread, and yet it would not be so demoralizing as the present plan. Every night the men could be placed in the convict ship and removed from opportunities to escape; in day time they could be watched by guards directed by a foreman. It is useless to urge any maudlin sympathy for the poor wretches; their lives would be wholesomer and happier, their crimes and imprisonment would wear away much more quickly and they would be doing some good for the country instead of eating in idleness the bread for which honest men have had to toil. In considering this question it must be borne in mind that I only urge the employment of convicts on such public works as would not otherwise be undertaken, though they would be for the good of the country. In this way they would not come in competition with honest labor. But even if it did displace a certain number of laborers, even a criminal has a right to toil with his hands, while the community has no right to teach a trade to the convict whereby he will come in competition with men who have served a long apprenticeship at their own expense and rely upon the public for their livelihood. I do not think trade unions would object at all to such a solution of the problem, for, of necessity, a certain amount of free labor would have to be employed more than compensating the laboring class for the small element of convict competition as navvies and quarrymen.—DON.



On Thursday evening I heard the Balmoral Choir of Glasgow, who came here with considerable advance trumpeting, and showed itself to be a very efficient double quartette, but not much more than that. Part of what was originally organized by Lambeth, a man who was at one time the life of musical Glasgow, it could hardly fail to be good, but of its extreme and superabundant excellence, claimed for it in its own announcements, rather than in the press notices it had received, I saw rather little. Individually the voices were poorly trained, but collectively their discipline was a model. Never a single aberration from the pitch in unaccompanied singing, and never the slightest discrepancy in time. For these gifts alone they deserve unstinted praise, as well as for the unwavering attention to their conductor, Mr. Bruce. But of elegance of phrasing and shading there was less than I should have expected; on the contrary, the phrasing was jerky and disconnected to a degree, leisurely breath-taking being evidently a desideratum. Still, they gave us some delightful Scotch part songs, and that without parsimony. Their repertoire was apparently inexhaustible, for encores were responded to as if the only pleasure in life for the choir was to sing one more song.

This made a long evening to those who were not of the heather. Sons of the Land o' Cakes, however, fairly revelled in the feast of Scottish song, and in the skirling of Piper Munro, who enlivened the opening and intermission with his weird pipes. Some one once suggested that it wad be a gran' thing tae collect a' the pipers in ane lairge place, and then—kill them! It would have been cruel, but the wild untutored Sassenach might easily be persuaded to sympathize with such a move. Seriously, Mr. Munro carried off no small share of the honors of Thursday evening. Miss Ross, the contralto, and Mr. Kerr, the tenor of the choir, as well as Mr. Young, the baritone, showed fine voices in their solos, but rather lacked proper training, their singing having a strong flavor of the amateur. Mr. R. J. Patrick's recitations were very enjoyable, and were heartily applauded by the large audience.

I have been honored with a copy of Luby's Grand March (who Luby was or why he should have a grand march I despair of knowing, unless it was the gentleman who discovered a Hair Restorer—perhaps this is the reason the march was sent to me!) by Eloise A. Skimings. To paraphrase Touchstone in As You Like It, I could say, "I'll write you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted." It has a dramatic silence of two bars, an aggressive A flat that will not down when it should, and a trio without change of key.—N. S.

Mr. Carl Martens' Soiree Musicale takes place on Monday evening, at which he will present several novelties in chamber music, including a quartette for 'cellos.

I regret to say that Mrs. Agnes Thomson was laid up on Sunday last with a severe sore throat, which developed to such an extent that on Tuesday afternoon she was unable to sing at the New England Conservatory at Boston as had been announced. This is the first time that Mrs. Thomson ever disappointed an audience.

The Vocal Society has engaged, for its concert on January 16, M'lle Etelka Utassy, a young pianist, pupil of Letschetitsky, who made quite an impression on New Yorkers, at her concert on November 25.

On Monday evening the wonderful boy prodigy, Otto Hegner, will play at the Academy of Music, assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and Mrs. Pemberton Hincks. The little fellow will play The Waldstein Sonata, Mendelssohn's Ronda Capriccioso, the Wagner Liszt Spinning Song and Rubinstein's Valse Caprice. METRONOME.

A Tramp Scheme.

"Oh tut! That's a tramp scheme."

"Tramp scheme? What the deuce do you mean by a tramp scheme?"

"Oh, it won't work."—*The Jury.*

Woman's Ignorance.

Mrs. Inker (to her husband)—Oh, Charles! Where is this from? The paper says somebody recalls that immortal mariner who was—

"——a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig;
And a bosun, with a long, long, and a middlesome,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Mr. T. H. Inker—What a question! Why, from The Ancient Mariner, to be sure. It is wonderful how you women manage to preserve your ignorance, even after you marry men of brains!

What the Editor Read.

"After wandering about for a long time in the lonely park, Olympio entered the castle of his ancestors. There, too, he was oppressed by the solitude which reigned around. Worn out with fatigue and emotion, he looked round in vain for a seat on which to rest his troubled brain!"

The Wrong Party.

The other night Charlie Hutton repaired, after working hours, to the State street store he is employed in, and rang up his best girl on Ashland boulevard. The connection was made, and the young man inquired:

"Is that you, Maud?"

"Yes, George, dear," came the reply.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, darling."

"I wish I was over there."

"I wish so, too."

"If I were there, do you know what I would do with my darling?"

"No, George,"—but r-r-r—

"Well, I'd unbuckle the crupper and throw some dirt in her mouth."

"Oh! you brute," cried Maud, and they never speak as they pass by, for George didn't know that a line had crossed his, and a horsey man was just telling another over the wire how to start a baky horse.

The Drama.

There has been a good deal of Shakesperean comedy in the wind lately. While yet retaining the pleasurable impressions of the capricious, fascinating Rosalind and the fond Viola of Julia Marlowe, we were treated to another languishing Viola in a brilliant setting by Marie Wainwright, and this week we have Rhea at the Grand, to recall pleasant memories of Beatrice in Much Ado About Nothing, the character in which she appeared last season. Truly the fragrance of old comedy is in the air and would there were more of it. It is a perennial flower with sweet smelling leaves ever filled with the sap of life and with perennial dewdrops lying at the base of its petals, to those who possess what Macaulay calls "that noble faculty, whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal." To those to whom the present alone is life, it is but a weed. They must have something fresh, abreast of the times, and they never fail to get it in all grades of quality. Marie Wainwright's presentation of Twelfth Night, at the Academy of Music last week, was more marked for the splendor of its scenic arrangements than any unusual brilliance of acting, outside of Miss Wainwright herself. The traditions of Shakespearean drama, with regard to stage settings, have suffered largely of late years. Instead of the simplicity of scenery, which was akin to the barrenness of the Bard's own time, there have been the magnificent revivals of Macbeth by Irving and by Langtry; the Richard III of Mansfield and the dazzling splendors of Mrs. Potter's Cleopatra, from the effects of which New York has scarcely yet recovered. While these magnificent settings are approved of by the best critics as enhancing immeasurably the illusion of the play it yet remains to be discovered that mechanical effects, however splendid, can take the place of histrionism. Miss Wainwright's Viola was an animated and pleasing performance. The Malvolio of Mr. Barton Hill was a finished piece of work and combined with the excellent Sir Toby of Mr. Wm. F. Owen and the Sir Andrew of Mr. Percy Brooke produced much merriment.

M'lle Rhea presented her new play, Josephine, Empress of the French, at the Grand Opera House the first half of this week. This play reproduces a section of French history at a time when the eyes of the world were centered on France, and when the central figure in this great scene was Napoleon Bonaparte. It was a stirring and romantic period in French history—such a period as gives birth to great works of literature and of art. The wild ambition of Bonaparte was soaring beyond the idea of merely sitting on an imperial throne. He would found a line of kings. To this end he would dissolve his childless marriage, divorce his loved wife, Josephine, and espouse another; and it is this story of divorce and devotion that the dramatist has selected out of the many stirring adventures of that historical conjuncture. The play is very heavy and rather lugubrious throughout. The formalities of the court seem to be omnipresent and to make the auditor feel as if he were attending a first class funeral. The gloomy spirit of the Man of Destiny hangs over it like a pall, and the writer seemed never to get away from the idea of the solemnity of state ceremony. This may have been historically accurate—Napoleon's jokes, we know, were of the grimmest kind—but the drama would not suffer had the writer's knowledge of *chiaroscuro* been a little more pronounced. The interest of the play rests largely on its historic basis, but it does not appeal much to popular taste.

What does appeal to popular taste, however, is the beauty of the star and the magnificence of her wardrobe. Those were the palmy days of the Empire and the Directoire, the fashions of which periods "the whirligig of time" has brought into vogue at the present day. Mlle. Rhea is thus able to be in the fashion of the play and also in the fashion of the day and displays her shapely form in the long clinging draperies which form what the artist would call Grecian outlines, but which the ordinary man present a beautiful but bewildering and indescribable panorama. Mlle. Rhea is surrounded by a company of clever men and women all of whom take their parts well enough to carry the action along without a halt and some of whom do this and much more. Rhea's emotional work in this *role* was done with the skill of an artist and her French accent seems to rest more fittingly on her in it than if she impersonated an English character. The Napoleon of Mr. Wm. Harris was an admirable representation both in acting and make up, and the Talleyrand of Mr. J. M. Francoeur in full of the craft and cunning and impenetrable composure with which history credits the first of diplomatists.

Captain Swift has been the play at the Academy of Music this week. Mr. Arthur Forrest is the star although Miss Rose Eytinge aspired to a division of the stellar honors. But that is all over now and last night Miss Eytinge's services with Mr. Forrest came to an end. The pros and cons of the matter have been thoroughly discussed in the daily papers so that further comment here is unnecessary. The green-eyed monster was at the bottom of it. The play of Captain Swift deals with an Australian bushranger who, after having stolen a large sum of money in that country, returns to England where he accidentally finds his mother and falls in love with her niece and ward. The effects of love and the home life with which he is surrounded are to bring out the dormant good qualities in his nature and he resolves to change his ways. But the detectives have discovered his whereabouts and being brought to bay he commits suicide. This, with the complementary incident of the faithfulness of an Australian whom he once robbed, but who on account of being in love with his half sister and other reasons, assists him several times to escape, is the simple story of Captain Swift. It is the old, old story, of Honesty Is the Best Policy, not very closely disguised. But it grants the villain a weakness which gains our sympathy and covers him with a glamour of romance till he outshines the hero. Mr. Forrest has a good company. The clever work of Miss Grace Kimball and Miss Beverley Sitgreaves and Mr. Wright Huntingdon was much appreciated. Mr. Forrest will need an accomplished actress to replace Miss Eytinge.

The Blue and the Gray is one of the best plays that has come to the Toronto Opera House for some time. As the title suggests, it is an American war drama, of a somewhat sensational type. Though it is hardly to be placed on the same plane with Bronson Howard's Shenandoah and other plays of the American civil war, which are stirring the pulses of our Yankee cousins at present, it still contains many of the elements to popularize it with American audiences and enough of human interest to make it draw here. It is put on with several well painted scenes and all the paraphernalia of war, guns, flags, tents, etc. The realism is assisted by the introduction of a number of wolfhounds, and lastly, the company contains some players of more than average ability. Strangely enough the comedy portions are better represented than the heroic. Mr. J. W. McAndrews as Uncle Josh, is one of the best old negroes that has been seen here for many a day. Mr. W. J. Thompson as Sergeant Fitz Beeker, a German volunteer, and Mr. Sam Erwin Ryan as Dennis Fagan, are head and shoulders above the average German and Irish comedians of the passing show. The leading *roles* are very creditably taken by Mr. W. H. Murdoch and Miss Margaret Pierce. Mrs. Chas. A. Peters, sister of Mrs. Morrison, who formerly managed the Grand Opera House here, plays a part in the Blue and the Gray. Both she and her sister began their theatrical careers at the old Royal Opera House on King street.

Manager Sheppard desires to announce the engagement of Mr. Duncan B. Harrison and his excellent company at the Grand Opera House, commencing Monday evening, December 16. The Paymaster is a comedy drama on the military order, and is highly spoken of. The scenery and mechanical effects are said to be unusually fine. The Philadelphia *Mercury* says: "The Paymaster made good the claim to be entitled to rank among the dramatic successes of the season. It is a strong and powerful play, abounding in telling situations and it held the interest of the crowded house from beginning to end. Mr. Duncan B. Harrison, in the part of O'Connor, has a role admirably suited to him. He is tall, of fine physique, and a handsome and expressive face. His acting is very graceful, natural and unaffected, and he established for himself a place in the regard of Philadelphia playgoers. The remainder of the cast was excellent throughout."

Next week at the Toronto Opera House the Vaidis Sisters' Company will appear in a variety entertainment which is a full of good things. The performance of these clever ladies on the revolving trapeze when here last year will not be forgotten by those who saw them. Of the whole company the Montreal *Herald* says: "It is made up of artists who have evidently given such attention to their respective parts that each one has succeeded in winning a name which is worthy of belonging to the Vaidis Sisters' company. It is so evenly balanced that every one who attends must find an act which cannot fail to please. There is sentiment, mirth, feats of daring, tests of strength and many other features, which are so well combined and arranged by Mr. J. D. Hopkins, that there is nothing to wish for if the spectator is satisfied with a first-class entertainment.

I had a very pleasant chat with Mr. Paulton while he was here with the Duff Opera Company. Mr. Paulton was full of plans for the future, and detailed them to me without hesitation.

"How do you like comic opera, Mr. Paulton?" I asked him.

"Well," he replied, "I do not like it at all, and I do not intend to stay in it a day longer than I can help. I took to comic opera simply because it was the rage, and one must keep in the swim, but I have had enough of it now. My objection to comic opera is that, just when you should be developing your character, you have to stop for some music, or else introduce some piece of buffoonery, and after all, it is not art."

"What do you propose doing when you leave opera work then?" was my next question.

"I shall bring round a company of my own to play comedies, as soon as the present season is over, and I intend to go right to the public. I do not mean to travel on my own name, but simply on the merits of my piece and my company, which will be the best that can be procured. We shall pay the very greatest attention to details: even our stage *bric-a-brac* we shall bring with us, so that every audience will see the play produced just as it would be in London or New York."

"There's another thing that I'd like to tell you," went on Mr. Paulton, "and that is about the lighting of a theater. I have quite a craze in that direction. I don't agree at all with lowering the lights in the auditorium, unless the scene presented at the time absolutely requires it. It seems to cut off the audience from the performers, and I am sure that, if you plunge an audience into gloom, it has a materially depressing effect upon them, while, on the other hand, if they are surrounded by a blaze of light, they will feel in good spirits and be able to enjoy themselves, directly. I shall bring with me my own lighting arrangements next season," he continued, "for I think it is a shame to see so many nice theaters spoilt by being badly lighted."

"What do you think of Toronto?" I inquired, "It seems to me a downright business place. I have been very kindly treated here, and in fact I look upon Toronto as one of my strongholds."

"What shall you play when you come here?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I am rather in favor of traveling with a repertoire. We have several good pieces on hand, together with some plays of my own."

This concluded our conversation, and with a hearty good-day, Mr. Paulton made the best of his way to the theater.

At the Art Exhibition.

Jaggers—This is a good picture. What is it in the catalogue?

Simpleton—A Head, No. 12.

Jaggers—Oh, not a bit like a number twelve head. The artist is a bad draughtsman.

The Pastor's Farewell.

[An incident that occurred during Henry Ward Beecher's last Sunday evening in the church where he had presided so many times.]

The sermon was o'er—the prayer—the song—
And dimmed was the mellow light;
With Summer at heart, the homeward throng
Went out in the Winter night.

But the pastor stayed, at his tired heart's choice,
To list to the chanted word;
For the organ loft and the human voice
Still sung to the pastor's Lord.

The sweet tones brought to his wearied heart
Their mingled smiles and tears;
And he felt that night full loth to part
From the shrine of forty years.

The scene of a thousand wondrous hours
He saw as he glanced around;
The vase of affection's faithful flowers—
The blood of a battle-ground.

'Twas here he had preached with tones of love,
Or the clarion call of strife,
Of God within, as well as above;
And sweetened the bread of love.

And here, with gesture of brave command,
And tenderly beaming face,
He reached to the world a thrilling hand,
And fought for the human race.

'Twas here, with a strength by anguish bought,
And a love that never slept,
He rocked the cradle of new-born thought,
While the century smiled and wept.

He saw the thousands that o'er this track
Had walked to the country of day;
And now they seemed to be reaching back,
And beckoning him away.

But ere long time his soul had been
By old memories stirred,
Two boys from the street came wandering in,
To list to the chanted word.

Two young, fresh hearts, with a goodly sum
Of Innocence' saving leaven,
Like such it is said ours must become
Before we can enter heaven.

They heard in silence, with face upturned,
And tremulous, deep surprise,
And all the fire of the muse burned
Within their youthful eyes!

There crept to the old man's eyes a mist;
And down the pulpit stair
He gently came, and tenderly kissed
The children lingering there;

And o'er their shoulders his arms he threw,
This king with the crown of gray:
And finally, like three comrades true,
Together they walked away.

And two went out in the Winter night,
Their earth-toil just begun;
The other, forth to eternal light—
His work for the planet done.

WILL CARLETON.

The Ubiquitous Degree.

For Saturday Night.

He was very well educated and as tall as one should be
To be strictly in proportion—just exactly six foot three.
He had traveled very widely and had read a book or two,
And he talked in Greek and Russian and conversed in Timbuctoo;
He was quite at home in German, French and Dutch and Hebrew too,
And could chatter Hindostanee like a native cockatoo;
But the poor misguided beggar, after finishing at school,
Had decided in his wisdom that he would not, like a fool,
Dispense such year at Oxford some four hundred pounds or more,
When the said small yearly pittance, being multiplied by four,
Would enable him in comfort half creation to explore.
So he traveled very gently the four quarters of the sphere,
And he studied men and manners till at last he drifted here;
And he thought he knew a few things that would earn him £s. d.
When he landed in Toronto minus money and degree.
As he took the morning paper, he half-muttered, "What the dooce
Knows this Light of Legal Learning of the cooking of a goose?"
For a six-line contribution of a kitchen recipe
Bore the signature impressive—"George le Normant, LL.B."
Then he read another letter on the sewage in the bay,
And he wondered why the writer should proclaim himself B.A.;
And a further correspondent thought it right to tack it on
To the tail-end of a missive on the straightening of the Don.
Then he said, this simple Saxon: "Well, this beats all things that be!
If succeeding in Toronto means possessing a degree,
In the name of all that's sapient, what will happen unto me?"
Swift he thought and softly chuckled: "I will dub myself A.B.;
If they question my credentials—guess 'twill be enough to say—
'If you doubt I'm Able-Bodied, come, I'll chuck you in the bay!'"

An Inner Meaning.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamt it, ah, well it matters not.
It is said that in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wondrous music that rings,
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life—
If thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me.
Let us look in our hearts and question, can pure hearts enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin
So then, let us ponder a little—let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.

An Appeal to Stanley.

Intrepid Stanley! Cease to roam
And bring your gray hairs safely home.
We're very much afraid of you
For proving the Gheugheeleyah
Flows through the Lualaba which land
Of Warasura's bloody hand,
And that the roaring Ahkassaa
Flows clear across and half way back.
We thought lake Ukahkahzoozieee
Was larger than it seemed to be.
But you have made these things as clear
As though we had them all right here;
So there just let the matter stand,
And cease to live on hope and sand.
You've done quite well for a beginner,
Come home and eat a Christmas dinner.

—Chicago Herald

Noted People.

Miss Agnes Longfellow, a daughter of the celebrated poet, is a skilled photographer.

James Whitcomb Riley, the bachelor poet, is in receipt constantly of letters from women who want to marry him.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has secured a corner-stone for his new Brooklyn church from Mars Hill, from whose top he recently preached to the Athenians.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, the novelist and writer for the magazines, also finds time for much journalistic work. Mrs. Linton is the avowed enemy of women's rights, and writes scathing articles against it.

When Dom Pedro of Brazil lay sick unto death in Italy, not very long ago, he told his nurse one morning that he had a dream. "An old man came to me," said Dom Pedro, "and in a most earnest way informed me that I should lose my crown before I lost my life."

The marriage of the Prince of Monaco to the Dowager Duchess de Richelieu, in Paris, was witnessed by only ten persons, relatives of the family, deep mourning being given as the reason for the lack of display. The Duchess is the daughter of the banker Heine, who was first cousin to Heine the poet.

Emile Zola, who has become fabulously wealthy for an author, even in these flush days of authorship, was extremely poor upon starting out and before he secured a place in Hachette's book concern. While writing his first romances he was often reduced to bread and water, and playfully remarks that he was compelled "to play Arab," or to stay in bed night and day because he had no clothes.

King George of Greece in an inveterate walker, and is a familiar figure on the streets of Athens. The Athenians salute him politely as they meet or pass him, but make no other demonstration, and he simply raises his hat in reply. Queen Olga, whose unwearied efforts on behalf of the poor, the sick and helpless have made her subjects worship her, is equally simple in her ways.

Dr. Schliemann evidently met the right woman in his wife. She is thirty years younger than he, a Grecian by birth, and said to be one of the most beautiful women in Athens. She is the mistress of several languages, a scientist and knows her Homer word for word. She works side by side with her husband during his researches, and he relies greatly upon her archæological knowledge.

Henri de Villemessant was notorious for his bad handwriting. On one occasion some "copy" of his was handed to a newly engaged compositor in the *Figaro* office, who did not know the peculiarity of the *Redacteur en chef*. "Great snakes!" he exclaimed. "If Belshazzar had seen this writing on the wall, he would have been more frightened than he was." True, Villemessant wrote with both hands.

In the basement of the White House Mrs. Harrison has found two old mahogany cabinets which were used in the executive mansion when it was first built. The cabinets are of Dutch manufacture and were imported from England. Mrs. Harrison, who is a lover of antique furniture, is delighted with her discovery, and will restore the cabinets to their former place in the White House parlors.

Tom Reed, who has just been made Speaker of the United States Congress, is a peculiar looking man, with the stamp of the backwoods upon his outfit and the simple look of a schoolboy in his rotund face. He is bulky in figure and deliberate in speech, but what he says contains sense, and when he is rolling off humorous sentences in his slow, cautious way, the listener forgets his bulk and enjoys his rhetoric.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the famous Anglo-Parisian journalist, is one of the best known people in Paris, and probably no one has a better social position or knows more of the ins and outs of French society. She is a great social favorite, and a wonderfully brilliant conversationalist. She is of Irish extraction, which probably accounts for her ready wit and vivacious humor. She is no longer young, having commenced her journalistic career in Paris some thirty years ago.

Madame Albani has become a favorite of Queen Victoria's. Albani has a house at Braemar where she always spends August and September. While there she is often invited to Balmoral, and is visited in turn by her Majesty. She says the Queen likes the old Italian music best and Scotch songs, such as Robin Adair. Princess Beatrice, who is an excellent pianist, often plays the accompaniment for the Canadian songstress. The clear air of Scotland, she says, has an improving effect on her voice.

Gustave Dore, the celebrated painter, was a man of medium size, but with the head of a poet and the frame of an athlete. Although he was very rich, he was one of the worst dressed men in Paris. He was so devoted to his art that, even in company, when not napping and fiddling, he was making sketches. He was a true Frenchman, and although decorated with more foreign orders than any of his contemporaries, no triumph abroad gave him half as much pleasure as the smallest success won in Paris.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte has been living a very quiet and retired life since his romantic marriage with Miss Ebba Munk, which was celebrated at Bournemouth a year or two ago. But at his castle by the sea, Karlscrona, he is busy all the day with the pursuits of a private gentleman and the occupations of a sailor prince. The other day he emulated another Northern prince, Great Peter of Russia, in valiantly rescuing a number of drowning fellow-creatures from a watery grave. He saw from his window that a sailing boat, containing four men, was upset in a furious gale, ran down at once, and, together with a fisherman of the neighborhood, rowed through the wild waves and succeeded in rescuing three of the shipwrecked men.

By the way, it is a curious thing, says N. Y. *Truth*, that although both Kennan and Stanley have arrived at fame through their pens neither of these gentlemen is in any way gifted in letters. David Livingstone in addition to being a completely heroic spirit and a man of excellent and contemplative observation, was possessed of high literary gifts. His friend and successor in African exploration, however, while of undoubted courage and tact in handling barbarous peoples has never shown any remarkable talent for writing. Neither he nor George Kennan has displayed in their descriptive articles any degree of talent which could not be surpassed by the clever men on the *Sun* or *World*. It is the new knowledge which is the thing that has made the reputation of these two travelers, not the ability to present it in pen pictures. We have half a dozen newspaper men in New York who can put Kennan and Stanley in the waste basket so far as actual literary talent goes. But the trouble with them is that they stay at home and write of matters that are tiresome by their familiarity. Travel's the thing now-a-days.

'Varsity Chat.

Professor Ashley was compelled to hold his seminary at one o'clock on Thursday this week, instead of the ordinary lecture at that hour.

Unnumbered societies are unable longer to find afternoon accommodation in Y.M.C.A. hall. The philosophical society of '91 met on Wednesday at 10 a.m. Mr. Philips contributed a paper entitled, The Motive Principles of Ancient Philosophy. Mr. Rothwell opened the discussion on the same.

The noble curator of the Literary Society has issued a manifesto. Attacks in the society on the house committee's management of the reading-room have put these gentlemen on the defensive. Hence the manifesto. With the impetuosity of conscious righteousness and official inviolability the curator has breathed forth pen lightning and paper thunder, mostly thunder. From this time forth and forever more no meetings are to be held in the reading-room, mutilators will be mutilated and the majesty of the by-law upheld generally. Past offenders will do well to beware. They may feel grateful indeed that the weapon wielded against them is not the sword.

Dr. Pike's lecture room in the School of Science was utilized for this week's meeting of the Natural Science Association on Thursday. The principal feature of the programme was a paper by Mr. A. H. Nichol, '90, on The Colors of Flowers.

The unexpectedly fine weather of Monday brought out a number of ardent baseballists on the campus. Like the bears in the books they had not been dead but sleeping. Many a high fly clave the air in the direction of Mr. Proctor, but as that gentleman is not forty feet high he failed to capture the ball.

The class of '90 takes tea with the president this afternoon.

Regarding the basis on which the Lansdowne medals, gold and silver, were awarded, there was some uncertainty last year. This has been removed by a notice of the registrar from which it appears that in each year the medal will be awarded to that candidate who, having obtained first class honors in one department and first or second class in another, shall reach the highest aggregate percentage in the two departments. Only two courses are to be considered.

Librarian VanderSmissen announces that he is prepared up to December 13, to receive orders for books to be imported from England, France and Germany. This system, established last year, by which books are obtained at reduced rates, appears to be working satisfactorily and is a great boon to students proverbially poor.

Secretary H. C. Pope assures the Rugby men that no bashfulness need be felt in approaching the treasurer, as the annual fee of one dollar will in no case be declined.

Mr. W. A. Bradley, B.A., '83, who has spent the past year in the North-West, has returned to his old haunts in Knox. It is a pleasant thing to see again and shake hands with so pleasant a fellow.

Mr. Tom Kelso, '90, has been elected Mufti in Residence.

The large sale which our song book met with was a mere what pleasant surprise to the committee. I understand the eighth thousand is now in circulation, an evidence of the genuine popularity of the book. This is eminently satisfactory to all concerned and especially to the Glee Club which draws a royalty on each edition. The last set is now in the hands of Mr. Secretary Duncan Donald from whom students may obtain copies on favorable terms.

Last Friday evening, '92 gathered at Harry Webb's for the annual class dinner. It was, of course, a great success. Mr. R. Knox, the new president, occupied the chair. Of graduates representing their respective classes, there were present, Mr. J. J. Hughes, '87, the well-remembered Joey Huth of Bridget Dunnowho renown, and Mr. F. C. Snider, '88.

Not satisfied with the marked success of their dinner '91 held a minor social entertainment Tuesday evening in Y. M. C. A. hall. The programme was quite informal but of an enjoyable character and well received. The fate of the refreshments, I need scarcely relate. I believe '90 are contemplating something of a similar nature. The intentions of the committee have not yet been made public.

NEMO.

Church Talks.

Seated in St. Michael's, one Sunday evening, I watched with interest the progress of the service.

It was all strange to me, and I noted the degrees of earnestness in which the various customs were complied with.

Some with bowed heads, appeared to enter body and soul into the petition offered, and one young girl with a pretty head of hair arranged the stray wilful tresses, while she knelt in seeming prayer.

The cathedral was dim, and the voices of priest and people reached me as if from far away.

I glanced up, and seeing the vaulted roof blue in color, glittering with gilded stars, I tried to fancy that it was in Nature's own cathedral that the large company had gathered for vespers. But one quickly realizes the absence of Nature and the presence of art, and, would we enjoy our surroundings, we must, even in church worship, accept the pleasing and reject the distasteful, remembering that in all this wide world, opinions, tastes, likes and dislikes, are as various and diverse as the individuals who live here.

The music was grand—powerfully rendered, solemn and artistic, while a solo, in a marvellously pleasing voice, held me in rapt attention until the last sweet note died away, and even then, "The music in my soul I bore, long after it was heard no more."

How Poems Grow Into Volumes.

The volumes of verse which we most like to remember are those which never intended to be volumes when they began. A man or woman somewhere and sometime said: "I am happy to-day; I have met a good friend. Joy is singing in my heart." That song was a poem of friendship. And a week, or month, or year after a lark singing, or the flash of tender eyes, or a mountain at sunrise set more music agoing, and there were more poems which gentle people everywhere liked to read and think of, because they expressed emotions which only gentle people feel. By-and-bye these graceful fancies began to recognize each other in their flight from hill to valley, from cottage to mansion; and they flocked together and twittered under the eaves and around huge chimneys in pleasant homes. One day when they were quite a party, they all flew home together. And the sensitive singer was quite surprised to see his fancies flocking back, but he took them all in at the windows and sheltered them, and after that when they went on long flights they were always in company and bore the name of the singer on their wings.—*N. Y. Life.*

Mr. J. H. Ryley tells a good story against himself in connection with his last engagement in comic opera. It was Erminie and they were playing at Niblo's. Going down in a street car he chanced into a conversation with a venerable looking Hebrew of the good old shibboleth type. "I'm a goin' to see Erminie," said Abraham. "Ah! you have not seen it?" queried Mr. R. "Oh, yes, my dear—three hundred times at least. You see my son Roodie likes to have my opinion of his show, and so I'm going to see the new fellow that's playing Caddy—his name is Ryley—but he aint a patch on the other fellow."

"Hum! I thought you said you hadn't seen him."

"No more I have, my dear, but the other man got a bigger salary—see. But here we are—you are going to see the show too?"

"Yes; I—I have business here," said Mr. R.

"Good evening, Mr. A.—my name is Ryley."

"Lord bless me," responded the old gentleman. "One moment—you played that fool part in the Yeoman of the Guard. You were great, my dear sir, and the other fellow I was a speaking about couldn't a touched you in it. Good night." And the twinkle in the old gentleman's eye was worth the experience.

Some Masculine Blushers.

Ladies' blushes have always been an attractive theme. She who has lost the art of blushing, observes an old-fashioned writer, has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. Not many men's blushes are on record, though a careful research might go far to show that these are on occasion as ready as the blushes which suffuse the cheeks of maiden modesty.

Byron confesses to being a frequent blusher. He once saw a young lady at church whom he took for an acquaintance, but finding himself mistaken he blushed. "So did not the lady," he declares, adding in mock reprobation, "sad thing—wish women had more modesty."

On another occasion the noble poet having failed in some trifling engagement, a lady told him: "he was no more to be depended on than a woman," which hard impeachment instantly brought, as she narrates, "the softness of that sex into his countenance, he blushed deeply." Perhaps, however, his change of color was caused by the lady's unjust aspersion on her sex.

The singular readiness of Southey's blushes failed not to attract the lynx-eyed notice of Carlyle, who on their testimony pronounced him to be "the perhaps most bashful of all men." These blushes varied in hue from red to blue, the red blushes, mounting to his grey hairs, showing rosy and beautiful as a maiden's of fifteen.

Before leaving the poets, who in their sensitiveness may be considered privileged blushers, we may mention one more. Of Walter Scott a very amiable blush has been recorded. The laird was starting in great state on an expedition with his friends, when his daughter Anne, screaming with laughter, cried out: "Papa, papa! I knew you could never think of going without your pet." Scott looked round, and behold a little black pig, which had lately taken a sentimental attachment to him, frisking about his pony with the evident intention of making one of the party. "I rather think," says Lockhart, "there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face" at this unseasonable demonstration on the part of his odd adherent.

Only one blush is recorded of Dr. Johnson. Sir Joshua Reynolds, one day at dinner, having opposed the autocrat in an argument on wine-drinking, was met with the very personal rejoinder, "I won't argue any more with you, sir, you are too far gone." I should have thought, so indeed, sir," retorted the courtly painter, "had I made such a speech as you have now done." Collapsing under the justness of this rebuff, "and I really thought (relates Boswell, scarcely able to believe his eyes) blushing," the sturdy doctor made an immediate and ample apology.

A more notable blush, and one that makes its mark on history, was that of Sigismund King of Bohemia, who granted John Huss a safe-conduct, which was after violated. The indomitable reformer at his condemnation roundly charged Sigismund with the perfidy, fixing his eyes the while on his royal betrayer. It was then that the blush which has been handed down to posterity overspread the king's features. And yet this blush seems to convey, in a measure, the blackness of his treachery; for, as the poet Young declares:

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

More enviable were the blushes of George Washington, when, having been overwhelmed with praise for his military services, the young hero, at the time Colonel Washington, rose to return thanks. But no words would come. He could do nothing but stammer, tremble, and, what is more to our purpose—blush. On which ingenuous display the Speaker, with admirable address, bade him sit down, declaring his modesty to be equal to his valor.

More extraordinary, however, than the blushes of king or soldier might be considered those of an actor. To see a man, as Mrs. Carlyle, the chronicler of the blushes in question, remarks, who is exhibiting himself every night on the stage, blushing in a private room like a young girl, is indeed a beautiful phenomenon. The actor whose blushes had aroused her enthusiasm was the celebrated William Macready, and his embarrassment was due to his having on a magnificent stage great-coat which, as his wife privately informed Mrs. Carlyle, had figured only twice before the footlights in an unsuccessful drama, and was too costly, in the opinion of his better half, to give away. The finery became him, we are told, but was, perhaps, conspicuous enough when worn without the buskin to warrant its owner's blushes.

It Was Too Faithful.

"Was Miss Yellowleaf's portrait a good lik ness?"
"It must have been; she refused to take it from the artist."—*Life.*

The Origin of the Diamond.

The origin of the diamond has been a fruitful topic for speculation among scientists, hence many contradictory theories have been advanced and argued with some show of reason; but, after all that has been said and written on the subject, we are still left pretty much in the dark. Some of the theories are very ingenious and interesting, though the amount of truth they embody remains to be proved. It has been suggested that the vapors of carbon during the coal period may have been condensed and crystallized into the diamond; and again, the itacolumite generally regarded as the matrix, was saturated with petroleum which, collecting in nodules, formed the gem by gradual crystallization.

Newton believed it to have been a coagulated unctuous substance of vegetable origin, and was sustained in the theory by many eminent philosophers, including Sir D. Brewster, who believed the diamond was once a mass of gum, derived from certain species of wood, and that it subsequently assumed a chrystaline form. Dana and others advanced the opinion that it may have been produced by the slow decomposition of vegetable material, and even from animal matter. Burton says it is younger than gold, and suggests the possibility that it may still be in process of formation, with capacity of growth. Specimens of the diamond have been found to enclose particles of gold, an evidence, he thinks, that its formation was more recent than that of the precious metal.

The theory that the diamond was formed immediately from carbon by the action of heat is opposed by another, maintaining that it could not have been produced in this way, otherwise would have been consumed. But the advocates of this view were not quite on their guard against a surprise, for some quick-witted opponent has found by experiments that the diamond will sustain great heat without combustion.

A Womanly Woman.

When the new American play, The Charity Ball, was produced the other night, a man said: "I like Georgia Cayvan, she is such a womanly woman!" Now it seems quite time that men should define what that word means, so though unlike Japheth, I am not in search of a father, still I am on knowledge bent, and these are the answers I got:

"A womanly woman is one who is considerate, sympathetic, forgiving and gentle; who can feel for those who suffer in mind or body; who knows how to make such a home that her husband and children are happy in it and love her as the ruling power."

Another was: "A womanly woman is one who in physique is shaped like a woman. She is not womanly who is as flat as a shingle. She must be rounded in body and in mind. There must be no angles in her temper nor her figure. She must know the power of a loving word, and of the soft answer that turneth away wrath."

From a married man came this: "She must be a woman who doesn't contradict a man."

From a young artist who had evidently given some study to madonnas and cherubs, was this: "She is the one who knows how to hold a baby in the easiest way for herself and the most comfortable for it."

From a cynical old bachelor this: "She is not masculine. She gives love and invites it. She knows how to forgive, and doesn't make a favor of this forgiveness. She is fond of clothes, but doesn't think her salvation or happiness depend upon them. She is what your mother was and what mine was—a gentlewoman." Is she described?

An Artist's Whim.

Diaz, the French artist, was most reckless with regard to money, and M. Charles Blanc relates a curious anecdote of his carelessness.

An amateur had just paid Diaz 600 francs for a study of beeches as M. Blanc entered the studio, and Diaz, taking the money, threw it over his head on to the floor, where the napoleons rolled away in various directions.

"Now," said the painter, "when I want any money, it gives me the greatest pleasure to find it by chance in a crack of the floor, amongst my portfolios, or in a dark corner; and when my sons ask me for cash, or a poor comrade comes for help, I say, 'Let us fish for gold, and unknown treasures come to light.'"

The Game of Billiards.

The origin of this game, like the birth place of Homer, or the problem of the Sphynx, has ever been a contested point. Hence its exact age continues to be involved in considerable doubt. Some historians suppose it to have been imported from the Persians during the consulship of the Roman Lucullus. Others contend that the game was introduced into Europe from the East by the Emperor Caligula. The most reliable, at least the most plausible, account of the origin and antiquity of the game is taken from certain parchments, once the property of Sir Reginald Mortimer, who was contemporary with Peter the Hermit, and who figured in the eleventh century. Sir Reginald was among the Knights Templar who returned in safety from the first crusade led by Richard Coeur de Lion. It is known that on the return of the crusaders from Palestine, the game, now called billiards, was introduced by them, and was at that time considered not only an amusement but a healthful recreation in which the cloistered monks of that period were permitted by their superiors to indulge. It known at all to the Romans, it must have perished, together with many other arts, on the overthrow of their empire. Though cradled in the monasteries, having been introduced into Europe by the Knights Templar, the game is supposed to have shared their fate and died out when the order was overthrown, by the cupidity of European monarchs. We next hear of it in the reign of Louis XI of France.

Among the royal personages who are said to have been fond of billiards are mentioned Henry III. of England, Mary Queen of Scots, and the Empress Josephine, whom M'lle Rhea has been presenting in her play here this week. It is related that during Napoleon's moody moments she would challenge him to a bout at billiards, with the never failing effect of raising his spirits. The game of billiards has had many enthusiastic admirers among men of eminence in our own time. The celebrated English physician, Sir Astley Cooper, has given it his professional endorsation. The eminent Prof. Blackie of Edinburgh is a staunch advocate of the ivory and cue, and the late Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his eloquent sermons, said that the trouble with billiards was that there were too many tables in the saloons and public places and too few in the homes of the people.

Farmer's wife—I must go home now, ma'am; we're very busy to-day, we're going to kill an ox.

City Visitor—What, a whole ox at once?

Why the Duke Was Rejected.

Mr. Chine (of Cincinnati)—I s'pose he's honest enough, an' I ain't got nothin' agin him except one thing.

Miss Chine—What is that, pa?

Mr. Chine—He don't look any more like one of us reel pork-packers than a shoat looks like a giraffe.—*Judge.*

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Hubert Lepel was wonderfully well versed in subtle turns of argument—a quality of the abstruser kind. It was long since he had looked truth full in the face or drawn a sharp boundary line between right and wrong. Not easy to him was it to get back from the varying lights and shadows of self deception to the radiant sunshine of truth. With bitter remorse in his heart and a strangely passionate wish to do—now at least—the right, he yet decided to bear the burden of silence until his dying day—to say no word, to do no act, that should ever revive in others' minds the memory of the Beechfield tragedy. He was not naturally callous, and he knew that concealment of the truth would be, as it had always been, an oppression, a weary weight upon him; but he had made up his mind that it must be so.

"Moralists tell us never to do evil that good may come," he murmured to himself, with hand bent upon his knees; "but surely in this case, when it is not for myself alone, but my own good that I seek, a little evil may be pardoned, a little wrong condoned! Heaven forgive me! If I have sinned, I think that I have suffered too!"

He lifted up his head at last, and saw the red light of sunset burning between the upright stems of the fir-trees, staining with strange crimson tints amongst the yellowing bracken and umber drift of pine needles, scarcely touching, however, the black shades of the foliage overhead. With a sudden shiver Hubert rose to his feet. It seemed to him that the red light looked like blood. He turned hastily to go; he had lingered too long, had excited his own emotions too keenly. He resolved that he would never visit the lone fir wood again. He wondered why it had stood so long. If he had been the general, he would have had the trees hewn down after the trial and done away with every memento of the place.

When he escaped from the shadow of the wood, and saw the red sun setting behind the hills, sending long level beams over the tranquil meadow and bathing field and grove and high-road alike in ruddy golden light, he drew a long breath of relief. And yet he felt that he was not quite the same man that had entered the wood an hour before. The foundations of his soul had been shaken; he had made a resolve; he looked at life from a new stand point. The half-defiant determination to make the best of the future which he had announced to his sister was purged of its defiance. He would make the best of his future—yet. But for this purpose he would injure no man or woman henceforward; he would work with less selfishness of aim—for the good of others at large as well as for himself. Something seemed broken in him by that lonely hour in the wood—some hardness, some coldness of temper was swept away. To him perhaps Tennyson's words respecting Lancelot were applicable still:

"So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man."

Far enough from anything like holiness was Hubert Lepel, but a nobler life was possible to him yet.

Florence commented that evening on his pale and wearied countenance, but he smiled at her questions and would not allow that anything ailed him. He sat by her side for the greater part of the evening. It was as well, he thought, to be chary of Enid's companionship. She was so sweet, so frank, that she beguiled him into imprudent frankness in return. He would not sit beside her at the piano therefore, or walk with her upon the terrace, although she looked prettier than ever, with a new wistful light in her blue eyes, a rose-flush upon her delicate cheeks. He knew that she was disappointed when he did not come; no matter—the child must not look on him as anything but a casual acquaintance who had spoken a few rash words of compliment which it were idle to take too seriously; and he would stay with Florence.

"Enid looks well to-night," said his sister, in her soft careless tones. "She is a pretty little thing when in good health."

"Is she delicate?" Hubert asked, some surprise.

"She has nervous attacks; she has had them at intervals ever since she was nine years old. Nine years old—the date of her father's death!—as Hubert know. "At first we thought they were of an epileptic kind; but the doctors say that they are purely nervous, and will cease when she is older and stronger."

Hubert inquired no further. The subject was disagreeable to him, inasmuch as it connected Enid's health with her parent's fate and his sister's disastrous influence upon the family. It was always a matter of keen regret to Hubert that he had not been able to hinder Florence's marriage, which she had prudently made a matter of secrecy until it was too late for the general's friends to interfere. Her calm appropriation of the position which she had secured, and, above all, the pseudo-maternal way in which she spoke of Enid, irritated Hubert almost beyond endurance.

He went back to London on the following day, promising to return to Beechfield Hall before long. For some reason or other he felt eager to get away—the air of the place seemed to excite his sensibilities unduly, he told himself. It struck him afterwards that Enid looked very pale and downcast when she bade him good-bye. He took his leave of her hurriedly, feeling as if he did not like to look her full in the face. He was afraid that, if he looked, he would be only too sure of what he guessed—that her eyes were full of tears. He was almost glad that a speedy return to London was incumbent upon him. He had next to superintend the rehearsal of his new play, which was shortly to be produced at one of the smaller theatres; and as soon as he reached his apartments he was immersed in business of every kind.

The next morning's rehearsal was followed by luncheon with friends and attendance at a matinee given for the benefit of the widows and children of an actor—a performance at which Hubert thought it well to be present, although he invariably bemoaned the loss of time. The piece was not over until six o'clock, and he amused himself afterwards by going behind the scenes and chatting with some of his acquaintances among actors, actresses, managers, and critics. Thus it was nearly seven before he issued from the theater, in a street off the Strand, and the day was already drawing to a close. The lamps were lighted and a few gas gathering, through which their beams assumed a yellow and unnatural intensity. Hubert stood on the edge of the pavement, leisurely drawing on his gloves and looking out for a hansom, contrasting meanwhile the glories of the Strand with those of the autumn woods in Hampshire, when his attention was arrested by the sound of a woman's voice.

"If you please, Mr. Lepel, may I speak to you?"

He turned round hastily, and, after a moment's hesitation, recognised the girl who had addressed him as a young actress whom he had lately come to know. She had been playing a very small part in the comedy which he had just seen. He vaguely remembered having heard her name—she was known on the bills as Miss Cynthia West.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hubert raised his hat courteously.

"Good evening, Miss West. Of course you may speak to me!" he said. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes," answered the girl, with a quickness which sounded abrupt, but which, as could easily be seen, was born of shyness and not of incivility. "You can get me an engagement if you like, Mr. Lepel; and I wish you would."

Hubert laughed, not thinking that she was in earnest, and surveyed her critically.

"You will not have much difficulty in getting one for yourself, I should think," he said.

Miss West colored and drew back rather haughtily. It was evident that she did not like remarks of a personal bearing, although Mr. Lepel had spoken only as he would have thought himself licensed to speak to girls of her profession, who are generally open to such compliments—and indeed she was not very likely to escape compliments. As he looked at her in the light of the gas lamps before the theater, Hubert Lepel became gradually aware that there stood before him one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen.

She was tall—nearly as tall as himself—but so finely proportioned that she gave the impression of less height than she really possessed. Every movement of her lithe limbs was full of grace; she was slender without being thin, and lissom as an untrained beautiful creature of the woods. In afterdays, when Hubert knew her better, he used to compare her to a young panther for grace and freedom of motion. It was a pleasure to watch her walk, although her step was longer and freer than to Enid Vane's teachers would have seemed desirable. Her features were perfectly cut; the broad forehead, the straight nose, the curved lips and slightly-puckered chin were of the type recognized as purely Greek, and the complexion andeyes accompanying these features were rich in the colorings that glows upon the canvases of Murillo and Velasquez. The skin was of a creamy brown, heightened by a carmine tint in the oval cheeks; the eyes were large, dark and lustrous, with long black lashes and well defined black brows. It seemed so strange to Hubert, as if those eyes were familiar to him, but he could not recollect how or why. For the rest, Miss Cynthia West was a very well-dressed stylish-looking young woman, neither fast nor shabby in her mode of attire; and the things that she wore served—intentionally or not—to set off her good looks to the best advantage. Hubert had seen her several times off and on the stage during the past few weeks since his return to England; she took some bit minor parts, but was so remarkably handsome that she had begun to attract remark. He was a little surprised by her speech to him, and hardly thought she could be in earnest, in fact, he suspected her of a mere desire to attract his attention.

"I thought you were at the Frivolity?" he said.

"I have left the Frivolity," she answered abruptly. "This afternoon's engagement is the only one I have had for a fortnight; and I have nothing in prospect."

He gave her a keener look, and, in spite of her brave bearing and her dainty clothes, he thought that he perceived a slight pinching of the delicate features, a dark shade beneath the eyes which—if he remembered rightly—had not been there two months before. Was it possible that the girl was really in want? Could he put his hand into his pocket and offer her money? He might make the attempt, at any rate.

"Can I be of any use to you—in this way?" he began, inserting two fingers in his waistcoat-pocket in a sufficiently significant manner.

He was aware of his mistake the next moment. An indignant flush spread over the girl's whole face; her eyes expressed such hurt surprise that Mr. Lepel felt rather ashamed of his suggestion.

"I did not ask you for money," said Miss West; "I asked if you could get me something to do." Then she turned away with a gesture which Hubert took for one of mere petulance, though the feeling that actuated it bordered more nearly on despair. "Oh," she said, with a quick nervous irritation audible in her tone, "I thought that you understood me! I—and her beautiful dark eyes swam in tears.

They were still standing on the pavement, and as that moment three passers-by shouldered Hubert somewhat roughly and stared at the girl to whom he was speaking, Hubert placed himself at her side.

"Come," he said—"walk on a few paces with me, and make me understand what you want when we get to a quieter spot."

She bowed her head; it was evident that if she had spoken the tears would have fallen from her eyes. Hubert turned up the comparatively dark and quiet street in which stood the theater that he had just visited; but for a few minutes he did not speak. At last he said, in the soothing voice which was sometimes thought to be his greatest charm:

"Now will you make me understand? I beg your pardon for having offended you by my offer of help; I meant it in all kindness. You have not an engagement just now, you say!"

"It is not easy to get one," said the girl, with a quiver in her proud young voice. "It is not a good time, you know. I had two or three offers of engagements with provincial companies this autumn, but I refused them all because I had this one at the Frivolity. They were to give me two pounds a week; and it was considered a very good engagement. Besides, it was a London engagement, which I thought it better to take while I had the chance. But I have lost it now, and I don't know what to do."

"You know the first question that one naturally feels inclined to put to you, Miss West, is, why did you leave the Frivolity?"

"I can't tell you the real reason," said the girl sharply. The color in her face seemed now to be concentrated in two flaming spots in her cheeks; her mouth was set, and her brow contracted over the brilliant eyes. "I quarrelled with the manager—that was all."

"Let me see—the manager is Ferguson, is he not? I know him."

"But he is not a friend of yours!" said Cynthia, turning towards him with a look of sudden dismay.

"Certainly not! He is the most confirmed liar I ever met," Hubert answered, without a smile.

But he was a little curious in his own mind. From what he knew of Ferguson, he supposed it likely that the man had been making love to the young actress, that she had refused to listen to him, and that he had therefore dismissed her from the troupe. Such things had happened before, he knew, during Mr. Ferguson's reign; and the Frivolity did not bear the very best character in the world. With a girl of Cynthia West's remarkable beauty, it was nearly easy to guess the story, although the girl in her innocence thought that she was concealing it completely.

"He said that I was careless," Cynthia went on rapidly. "He changed the hour for rehearsal twice, and let everbody know but me; then I was fined, of course; and I complained, and then he said I had better go."

"What made you come to me?" said Hubert. "I am not a manager, you know."

"You have a great deal of influence," she said, rather more shyly than she had spoken hitherto.

"Very little indeed. Other people have much more. Why did you not try Gurney or Thomson or Macalister?" mentioning names well known in the theatrical world.

"Oh, Mr. Lepel," said the girl, almost in a whisper, "you will think me so foolish if I tell you!"

"No, I sha'n't. Do tell me why!"

"Well"—still in a whisper—"it was because I read a story that you had written—a tale about a girl called Amy Maitland—do you remember?"

"I ought to remember," said Hubert thoughtfully, "because I know I wrote it; but an author does not always recall his old stories very accurately, Miss West. It was a short tale for a Christmas number, I know. What was there in it that could cause you to honor me in this way, I wonder?"

"Ah, don't laugh at me, please, Mr. Lepel!" Cynthia's voice was so sweet in its entreating tones that Hubert thought he had never heard anything more musical. "It was all about a girl who was poor like me, and whose parents were dead, and about her adventures, you know—particularly about her not being able to get any work to do, and nearly throwing herself into the river. I have had the thought more than once lately that it would end with me in that way—the river looks so deep and silent and mysterious—doesn't it? But that's all nonsense, I suppose. However, when I read about Amy in an old Christmas number that my landlady lent me the other night, it seemed to my mind that I had been there behind the scenes, and that, if you could write in that way, you might be more ready—ready to help—" She stopped short, a little breathless after her long and tremulous speech.

"My poor child," said Hubert, with the tender accent that showed that he was moved, "I am afraid it does not always follow. However, let us take the most cheerful view possible of all things, even of novelists, and try to believe that they practice what they preach. It would be hard if I did not prove worthy of your confidence, Miss West. I am sure I don't know whether I shall be able to do anything for you or not, but I will see."

"Thank you, Mr. Lepel."

She said the words very low, and drew a quick breath of relief as she said them. By the light of a gas lamp under which they were passing at the moment Hubert saw that she had turned very pale. He halted suddenly.

"I am very thoughtless," he said, "not to recollect that you must be tired, and that I am perhaps taking you out of your way."

"No," said Cynthia simply; "I always go this way. I lodge at a boarding-house in the Euston Road."

"Then let us to business at once!" exclaimed Mr. Lepel, in a cheerful tone. "What sort of engagement do you want, Miss West?"

She was silent for a minute or two. Then she said, with some unusual timidity of manner—

"I should very much like to have an engagement at a place where I could sing."

"Sing!" repeated Hubert, arching his brows a little. "Can you sing? Have you a voice?"

"Yes," said Cynthia.

The audacity of the assertion took away Hubert's breath. He looked at her pityingly.

"My dear Miss West, are you aware that singing is a profession in itself, and requires a professional training like others things?"

"Yes. But I can sing," said the girl decidedly.

"Where did you learn?"

"At school, and then of an old music-master in the boarding-house where I lived."

If he had not been afraid of wounding her feelings, Hubert would have shrugged his shoulders. They were again standing on the pavement, face to face, and he refrained from the scornful gesture.

"Well," he said, after a short pause, "if you think so, there is nothing to do but to try. You, I must hear you sing, Miss West, before I can say anything about a musical engagement. Shall I come and see you to-morrow?"

"Oh, no!" said Cynthia, with such transparent horror at the suggestion that Mr. Lepel was very much amused. We have no piano, and—and I am sure that Mrs. Wadsley would not like it."

"Then will you come to my rooms at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"Thank you. Oh, Mr. Lepel, I am so very, very much obliged to you!"

"I have done nothing yet to merit thanks, Miss West. I shall be only glad if I can be the means of assisting a fellow-artist out of a difficulty." He saw that the words brought a bright glow of gratified feeling to the girl's face. "Here is my card; my rooms are not very far off, you see—in Russell Square."

Cynthia took the card and thanked him again so warmly that Hubert assured her that he was already overpaid. They had reached the broad torrent of life that rushes down New Oxford Street, and further conversation became almost impossible. Hubert bent his head to say—

"Shall I put you into a cab now, or may I see you home?"

"Neither, thank you," she said, shaking her head. "I am quite well used to going about alone; and it is a very little way. Good night; and I am much obliged to you!"

"Let me see you over this crossing, at any rate," said Hubert.

She was too quick for him; she had already plunged into the tide, and he saw her the next moment halting on the central resting place of the broad thoroughfare. He attempted to follow, but was too late, and had to wait a moment or two for a couple of heavy carts. When the road was clear again, he saw that she had safely reached the other side; and, as soon as he had crossed, he dimly perceived her graceful figure some distance ahead on the sombre pavements of Bedford Square. His impulse was to overtake her, but after a few rapid strides he abandoned the intention. The girl was safe enough at that early hour; no doubt she was accustomed, as she said, to take care of herself. No need to launch into a romantic episode—to walk behind her keeping watch and ward, as if she were likely to encounter terrible danger on the way. And yet, for some reason or another, he continued to walk—slowly now—in the direction which Cynthia West had taken.

It was quite out of his own way to go all along Gower street and eastward on the Euston road, yet that was what he did. He saw the tall slight figure stop at an iron gate, push it open, and walk up the flagged pavement to the door of a dingy but highly respectable-looking house. The Euston Road is a neighborhood not greatly affected by people of fastidious taste; and Hubert wondered, with a shrug of the shoulders, why Miss West had found a lodging in the very midst of its ceaseless maddening roar. He passed the house with a slow step, and as he did so he read an inscription on the brass plate which adorned the gate by which Cynthia had entered:

"MRS. WADSLEY

"Select Boarding-House for Ladies and Gentlemen.

"Moderate Terms."

"Very moderate and very select, no doubt," thought Hubert cynically. "Now is that girl making a fool of me, or is she not? All those pretty airs might so easily be put on by a clever actress. I shall find out to-morrow. She can act a little—I know that; but, if she can't sing, after what she has said, she may go to Jericho for me! And, if she does not come at all, why, then I shall know that she is an arrant little impostor, and that I am a confounded fool!"

He stopped to light a cigar under a lamp-post, and a slight smile played over his features as he struck the match.

"She is a beautiful girl," he said to himself; "if she does turn out an impostor, I shall be rather sorry. But, by Jove, I don't believe she will!"

(To be Continued.)

A Singer Describes Audiences.

Emma Nevada Palmer writes in the New York *World*:

"Italian audiences are exceedingly appreciative, following every note and cadenza, and, when gratified, testify their pleasure by thunders of applause, showers of flowers, and innumerable calls before the curtain. Nor are they swayed by the power of a name. The most modest of *debutantes*, if she evinces talent, will be rapturously applauded, and the most renowned of *prime donne*, if she happens to sing false, or tampers, as they imagine, unduly with the score, will be just as energetically hissed.

"The Spanish opera-goers are among the severest critics in Europe; but they are very delightful to sing before, as they take such air interest in all the minutiæ of the performance, down to the smallest details in the dresses of the singers.

"French audiences are thoroughly appreciative, and comprehend in an instant anything that is especially well done, whether dramatically or vocally. They are less demonstrative than the southern nations, but to waken the long, low murmur that runs through the house in greeting to some finely finished piece of vocalisation is in itself a triumph.

"English audiences are very kind and encouraging, and once a performer has won their hearts he or she is sure of a place in their affections to the end of his or her career.

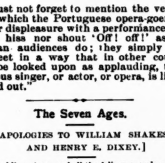
"In the United States, public demonstrations of satisfaction are supplemented by private courtesies in a most delightful way. I shall never forget the kindness shown me by my countrypeople whenever I have appeared before them.

"I must not forget to mention the very odd way in which the Portuguese opera-goers testify their displeasure with a performance. They neither hiss nor shout 'Off! off!' as other European audiences do; they simply stamp their feet in a way that in other countries would be looked upon as applauding, till the obnoxious singer, or actor, or opera, is literally stamped out."

The Seven Ages.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND HENRY E. DIXEY.]

All the world's a stage, and all the felines merely players.
They have there exists and entrances and one cat, in its time plays many parts.
His acts being seven ages.



At first, the infantile specimen, mewing and dangling from its mother's jaws.

And then the kit—just plain, everyday kitten.

And then the lover, sighing like a furnace with woeful ballad upon the back fence.

And then the warrior—full of strange oaths (a terror to the ward).

And then the justice—full of wise saws and modern instances, with a fondness for umpiring "mills."

The sixth age shifts into the lean and hungry act, when he has to rustle.

Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history. . . . Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.—*Time.*

The Art of Milking.

Suburban Resident—Yes, I want a useful man about my country-place. Can you milk?

A Applicant—Yes, sor.

"Which side of a cow do you sit on when milking?"

"Well, sor, Oi niver milked but wan cow, an' she a kicker, sor; an', bedad, a good dale av the tolm Oi was on both solds av her, sor."

An Object of Pity.

Proud Father—Do you think he looks like me?

Sympathetic Visitor—Yes, poor little thing.

She Wanted Delay.

Adorer—As we are to be married in January, should we not announce our engagement?

Sweet Girl—No, no; not yet, not yet.

"Why, you would not hasten to make known the sweet truth to all the world were not the time so short. Can you not bring yourself to acknowledge your betrothal without further delay?"

"No, no. Wait, I beg of you."

"But why, my shrinking little angel?"

"Wait until all the Christmas presents are in, lest half of them will be held back for wedding presents."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Cool Reception.

Tramp—Can you keep me over night?

Lady of the House—We might be able to, perhaps—on ice.—*Time.*

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THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The rain was falling heavily when Hugh Cameron left Eyncourt and strode with swift unsteady steps down the avenue. He had passed the footman in the hall without a word; he had not seen the man's stare of astonishment or heard his irrepressible exclamation of dismay at sight of Hugh's haggard, ghastly face; he had forgotten that he had ridden to Eyncourt, and that Miladi was waiting for him in Sir Humphrey's stables; he was conscious of nothing save a sense of unutterable misery and despair. Yesterday he had been so happy, life had seemed so joyous, the future lay before him full of sweetness and hope; and now, in a moment as it were, the smiling edifice he had raised had fallen about him, shattered into a thousand pieces. Last night, only a few short hours since, he had held Stanley Gerant in his arms in that very room where they had just parted, where she had let him go, without a word, without a look, for ever.

His brain was confused, his temples were throbbing violently. He did not heed the rain which fell heavily upon him; he did not even feel it; he was conscious only of one desire—to obtain from his father the explanation of Sir Humphrey's conduct, if it were in his father's power to grant that explanation.

"Perhaps he said it to get rid of me," thought Hugh, as he strode onwards under the beech trees, waiting along the very paths he had when he and Stanley had lingered only on the previous day. "There can be no reason except that she has wearied of me; and yet——"

She had been so tender, so loving! It could not have been all a pretence. Yesterday she had assured him of her love and constancy—had told him in sweetest words and with tender looks that she would never fail him, that she would be as true in storm as in sunshine. As he remembered those words he paused in his rapid walk. He would go back, he thought wildly, and force an explanation from her; he would have the truth from her own lips; she should not befool him thus. But, as he was turning towards Eyncourt, he remembered her changed face, her haggard looks, her sorrowful eyes. She too was suffering. What cruel fate had fallen upon them both? he asked himself bitterly, as he set his face homewards once more.

His riding jacket was wet through when he reached Brancepeth; but he had managed to assume some semblance of colourless. There was no one in the hall when he entered his father's house; but, as he stood there for a moment to gain breath after his rapid walk, his own servant came down-stairs with a coat upon his arm.

"I was up-stairs, sir," said the man, coming forward, "and saw you in the distance. I am afraid you are very wet, Mr. Hugh."

The man had served Hugh from his boyhood; but the young man glanced at him for a moment now as if his eyes had never rested on him before; and Macarty, who could not but see the pallor and disturbance on his master's face, felt suddenly anxious and uneasy.

"Had you not better change your clothes, sir?" he suggested. "You will take a chill otherwise."

"Is my father in?" Hugh asked abruptly.

"I believe so, sir. Shall I inquire?"

"Yes; do so." He turned upon his heel and walked over to the fireplace; then, seeing that Macarty hesitated, he said curtly, "Did you hear me?"

"I will go at once, sir; but first allow me to remove your coat."

Hugh looked at Macarty in silence for a moment, then broke into a laugh.

"All right," he said—"have your own way! It can't matter much!"

"Thank you, sir."

The exchange effected, the man went off to ascertain Mr. Cameron's whereabouts. In less than a minute—which had seemed an interminable period to Hugh—he returned.

"Mr. Cameron is in the library, sir," he said.

"Alone?"—"Quite alone, sir."

Without a moment's hesitation, Hugh crossed the hall and opened the library door. His father was there alone, seated in a reading-chair by the fire; but he was not reading—the pile of newspapers lay undisturbed at his elbow. He appeared absorbed in deep and painful thought.

He looked up as Hugh entered; and the young man noticed that his father's lips were compressed more firmly, and that his face bore an expression like that of a patient nerving himself for the operator's knife. One look at Hugh's face had told Philip Cameron that something had happened—that what he feared had taken place.

"What is it, Hugh?" he asked, as he rose from his chair.

"That is the question I have come to put to you, sir," the young man answered, endeavoring to master his emotion, as he advanced to the hearth. "I have been referred to you by Sir Humphrey Gerant for the explanation of this insult which he has put upon me!"

As he spoke Hugh held out Sir Humphrey's letter, which he had taken from the pocket of his riding-jacket. His father perused it in silence. Then he looked up, and his frank sorrowful eyes met his son's.

"Sir Humphrey has given you no reason for his breach of faith?"

"None! He and his daughter referred me to you," answered Hugh.

"Sit down," said his father quietly, pointing to a chair; and the young man seated himself.

"Father," he pleaded, "tell me quickly! Do not try to spare me! I have lost Stanley; I can bear the rest!"

"You have lost Stanley?"

"Yes; she has given me up!"—with a dreary laugh.

"Hugh," said his father, in grave, sorrowful tones which were full of pity and self-reproach, "a few days since you trusted me. I will not ask you to do so now; but I will ask you to forgive me—to forgive your mother and myself—for a great wrong we have done you. I gave you no reason for my refusal of the title offered me; but I will give it to you now: and the reason for your disappointment then you will find to be that of your present trouble. Hugh, I could not accept the title offered me, because at my death it could not descend to you, my only son."

Hugh gazed in bewilderment upon his father's face; the words told him nothing.

"Why?" he asked simply.

"Because, in the eyes of the law, you—my son as you are, my beloved son—are not eligible for it, because, when you were born, your mother was not legally my wife!"

"What?" Hugh sprang to his feet, his hands clenched, his eyes flashing with sudden fury as they met the sad, earnest gaze of his father.

"It is a bitter truth, bitter for me and bitter to utter," said Mr. Cameron, sadly. "and one which we hoped to keep from you always, Hugh. But Fate has been too strong for us, and you must know the truth. Sit down, lad! Surely after all these years you can trust your father still!"

The young man obeyed; already the light had died out of his eyes, and his face was ghastly pale.

"When I married your mother, Hugh," said his father calmly, "I was not her first husband and she believed herself to be a widow. Some years before, when very young, she had been induced to go through the marriage ceremony with a man who had been tutor to her brother, whose lessons she had shared. She was very young—little more than a child—and she had no mother. Her only sister, your aunt Marian, had left home some years before as Mr. Ashton's wife. There was no one to care for or influence the poor child until this man came and obtained power over her, as his handsome appearance and ingratiating manners were likely to do. They were married secretly on her seventeenth birthday—and the same day he was arrested on an accusation of forgery."

The strong man had to pause for a few moments. Hugh sat still and motionless, scarcely breathing in his suspense.

"In her anguish your mother confided her marriage to her sister," Mr. Cameron went on; "and Mr. Ashton saw in prison the man who had taken such advantage of her youth and innocence, and purchased his silence—how I do not clearly know. Perhaps he saw that it would be no advantage to him to have another sin added to his list of crimes; but, in any case, he held his peace. He was tried and found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Two years afterwards the news came that he was dead. The following year I married his widow."

Mr. Cameron's voice changed with the last words. He had hitherto spoken quietly and with evident self-constraint; but now there was an inexplicable bitterness in his voice. His son could not utter a word as he sat, pale and stern, his clenched hand resting on the table near which he sat.

"For years we were happy, Hugh. You were born; and it seemed as if every blessing life could give was ours. Neat's great trouble, which came when you were about two years old, cast a shadow over us; but she was so brave and steadfast and cheerful that she would not let her sorrow darken our sunshine. Then, when you were six or seven years old, a blow fell upon us which destroyed our happiness and our peace. He—the man who had been reported dead—returned, his name having been given by mistake instead of that of a convict who had worked by his side. That error was a bitter one for us, Hugh. It darkened our lives; it shattered your mother's health—the shock was so great that, but for Nest, I think she would have lost her reason or her life—and it deprived you of your legal right to the name you bear."

Not a word came from Hugh's stricken lips; he sat staring with unseeing eyes at his father's haggard face.

"You will scarcely wonder that, in my first anguish at the horrible discovery, I went half mad. The shame, the horror of it, made me desperate, and I bought the man's silence. Frank's father, who was then at once on hearing the truth, arranged the matter for me. The sum he demanded was a large one; but I would have given half my fortune—nay, the whole of it—to silence him. We were staying then, when he found us out, at Barton Knoll, my father's favorite house and mine. Can you wonder that, when we left it then, we left it for ever? Even now I could not force myself to enter the rooms where we suffered so terribly! And, Hugh, through it all my patient, and hers too, poor woman—was deepest when we thought of you!"

The fingers that were clenched on the table slowly relaxed; and Hugh held out his hand, which his father took, and the hand-clasp was not loosened when Philip Cameron spoke again.

"He left the house with the price of his silence, and traveled southward in the train by which your uncle returned to town, or rather in which he started on his way back to London. He left me stupefied with despair; and, before I was fully roused from my stupor, the news came that the forger was dead. There had been an accident to the train, and he had been killed on the spot. Ashton took my check from the man's pocketbook and burned it on the night following the morning on which I had signed it."

Philip Cameron paused. His voice had grown weary, and there had been more than one painful catch in it during the latter part of his narration; but Hugh had not uttered a word.

"His death removed some of our difficulties," continued Mr. Cameron. "It left your mother free; and, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered, we were married again in her room at Barton Knoll. Ashton was the only person who would never leave again. But the cruellest wrong of all was that I was powerless, helpless to undo. Hugh, I would have given my life, he added earnestly, "to keep this from you; but all my endeavors have failed. My son, can you forgive me? Your pain cannot be more bitter than my own!"

"Forgive!" murmured the young man brokenly. "Father!"

His voice failed him; but he strove to smile into the anxious eyes that were fixed upon his face. The fierce agony of mingled rage and pain which he had suffered at Eyncourt was nothing to this. He felt as if the shame of it must kill him. He, Hugh Cameron, who had always held his head erect and walked fearless and honored among his fellows, would never dare walk again—would never lose this haunting sense of shame and degradation! In the eyes of society he was an outcast. No wonder Sir Humphrey Gerant had refused him the house—no wonder Stanley's eyes had failed to meet his! He had no name to offer her; he must live out his life alone in the love of wife and children was not for such as he.

His father watched him, his face infinitely sad and weary. Hour after hour since Janet neither knew; but it was broken at last by the click of the spring that fastened the door in the panel of the wall. The eyes of both men turned mechanically in the direction of the sound; and as the panel opened and Lady Sara came forward hastingly, both sprang to their feet, and Philip Cameron, his face pale and stern, remembered his wife's words, that her son would curse her when he knew the truth.

"My son, forgive me!" she cried, as she staggered forward, and would have fallen at his feet had he not caught her in his arms and held her to his breast.

"Mother, dear, beloved mother," he said brokenly, as he pressed her to him with a passionate tenderness he had never shown her before—"always—always my beloved mother!"

(To be Continued.)

Art in Dress.

The newest and nobblest sack is the double-breasted, with the fronts boldly cut away from the lower button. Taylor & Co., art tailors, 89 Yonge street.

A New Scheme.

Diner—You have waited upon me very acceptably and I have enjoyed my meal thoroughly. You have behaved like a gentleman, and a gentleman you certainly are, notwithstanding your humble occupation.

Waiter—I hope, sir, that I am a gentleman. I always try to be one.

Diner—It is as I suspected. And, being a gentleman, I shall not insult you by offering you money. Perhaps at some time I may be able to reciprocate your courtesy. Till then, farewell.—*Boston Transcript.*

It Happens Occasionally.

Snobberly—Were you introduced to Mr. Pelly at the club night?

Dudely—Yes. I think he is a fraud. His diamond ring is too big.

Snobberly—I don't know about that. I've seen big rings on men who were really rich.

In a Restaurant.

Customer—This is vegetable soup. I ordered chicken.

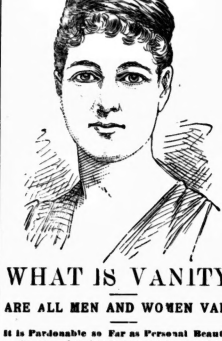
Waiter (examining the soup)—Dat's so, sir; my mistake. Tought dem celery tops was feathers.—*Life.*

Above Suspicion.

Bridegroom (returning from smoker)—Thank goodness, even experienced people can't tell we are a newly-wedded couple.

Bride—I'm so glad. How did you find out, dearest?

Bridegroom—Why the conductor just told me that if that open window allowed too much draught on my mother's back he would make the man put it down.—*The Jury.*



WHAT IS VANITY?

ARE ALL MEN AND WOMEN VAIN?

It is Pardonable so Far as Personal Beauty is Concerned?—A Letter from Mrs. Langtry.

The impression has existed among ignorant or prejudiced people that women or men who are particularly neat about their persons or careful to preserve their personal charms are vain.

We cannot agree to this view. It might as well be said that men or women who keep their hands scrupulously clean are "vain"—Nature intended creatures with the "form divine" to also have good features and complexions, and when they are otherwise the cause may be found in neglect or suffering caused by sickness or poverty. A man or woman who is willing to be hideous or repulsive by having on the face blackheads, pimples, tan, liver-spots and other like imperfections, must be grossly ignorant or utterly devoid of all the feeling which can be described in one quotation—"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."—Nothing more disgusting can be imagined than a face covered with the imperfections referred to—they are worse than unclean finger-nails.

Just think how suggestive they are—What must be the effect on one's lover, one's husband, or one's friends. It is a matter of duty to prevent and remove these things, and is in no sense an indication of vanity. No woman of the world but thoroughly understands the potency of a beautiful complexion.

Read the following letter and rest assured that every woman and everyone should use the Recamier Preparations. In no other way, so far discovered, can she appear as nature intended she should.

NEW YORK, August 14, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. AYER: I have been for a year using your delightful Recamier Preparations, and was, as you recollect, one of the first to attest to their excellency. While they are in no sense of the word *cosmetics*, of which I have a *wholesome horror*, they do away with the need of such meretricious articles and excel any preparations for the complexion I have ever seen.

As I wrote you some months since, I use the Recamiers "religiously," and believe them to be essential to the toilet of every woman who desires to retain a fair skin.

Yours most sincerely,
LILLIE LANGTRY.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spot or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after traveling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan., 1887.

MRS. H. J. AYER.

DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is *nothing* in them that will *harm* the most *delicate* skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as safe and *beneficial* in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,
THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, $1.50; Recamier Balm, $1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, $1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c; Recamier Powder, large boxes, $1.00. Small boxes, 50c.

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To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

M. M. R.—Peevish, critical and impulsive.

BEN W.—Firm, precise, affable and suspicious.

PAULINE—Sympathetic, cautious and determined.

BIRDIE W.—Petulant, ambitious and affectionate.

MAUD.—Order, suspicion and reserve are here shown.

VIVIAN, Almonte.—Erratic, impulsive, decided in opinion.

CORINNE A. McAte.—Prudent, thoughtful and persevering.

VERNA, Toronto.—Energetic, of buoyant spirits and persevering.

DREE R., Toronto.—Selfish, fond of luxury, truthful and careless.

F. H. W., Chicago.—Self assertive, cautious and reserved.

MARCH.—Egotistic, selfish, hopeful, ambitious and car-less.

LOYAL.—Energetic, lively, firm, wilful and—such a talker.

ZADA.—Amiability, caution, tenderness and generosity are here shown.

"YOU KNOW," Detroit.—Generous, self-reliant and judicious.

PERSEVERE.—Fond of admiration, haughty, ambitious and high-spirited.

ISOBEL IN Whitby.—Tenderness, self-esteem, and caution are here denoted.

MORGAN, Cobourg.—Un flected, earnest, thoughtful, inclined to be moody.

BLUSH W.—Self-esteeming, fond of display, of a kindly and generous nature.

KATHLEEN.—Your writing denotes decision, sensitiveness, vivacity and refinement.

F. T. B.—Your writing shows melancholy disposition, precision and sensitiveness.

ALBERTA, Brantford.—Your writing shows patience, genteel ness and a great want of decision.

JEANETTE, Amherstburg.—Vacillating nature, artistic temperament, sensitive and reserved.

AARON, Chatham.—Careless, good-tempered, original and very susceptible to the influence of friends.

EUREKA F., Clinton.—Impulsive, wilfulness, love of admiration and self-reliance are here denoted.

JEWIE.—Carelessness, generosity, pleasure and inclination to exaggeration are denoted by this writing.

LOUIS.—You are evidently decided in action and the right, while economical, yet of a genial and hopeful disposition.

BAXESS, Belleville.—This writing denotes generosity, self-esteem, love of admiration and display, wit and intuitive perception.

SHORTY.—Your writing shows much perseverance, judicious firmness, a fair amount of self-esteem and a thoroughly practical nature.

SISTER ANOMA, Goderich.—This specimen of penmanship shows order, attention to detail, practicability, generosity and tenderness.

MOUNT CHARLES.—Address a letter to the foreman of the company named. Always present a man to a woman in introduction, unless he be aged or particularly distinguished.

HERMIT.—Use plain every day English, and go straight to the subject without beating the bush, and you'll be as appreciated to find how easy it is. I think you are a rather susceptible young man, genial, good-natured and very honorable.

BETTY.—You can't do anything. It is a woman's heritage to sit still and suffer. If he still cares for you, he will come back; if he does not, you would not let him know you had changed, would you? Your writing shows pride, willfulness, impulse and love of mirthfulness.

HELEN, M. Cornwall.—Your letter could not have reached the office, or it would have been answered. I am writing now on studies sent in two and three weeks ago, but answer in turn all there is room for each week. Your writing denotes will, originality, generosity and pride.

Mrs. Langtry's The Mystery of Edwin Drood was unfinished at the time of Dickens' death. 2. Bashfulness usually arises from too much self-consciousness. Try to be sure that your deportment is such as to accord with the best custom, and you need not mind being reserved. Your writing denotes indecision, sympathy and generosity.

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Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page Book entitled: Hints on Art Needle Work, just published, containing over 300 profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles, also, stitches used in the ornamental work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of shading for flowers and birds, and much other valuable and instructive matter, for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Belding, Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal.

Hobson's Choice.

Miss Tender—How do you like your steak rare?

Tony the tramp—No, mum; I don't like it that way, but that's as often as I get it.—*Time.*

What a Fall was There!

One of our great swells, having come down in the world, went to dine at a little cheap restaurant. While demolishing his beef-steak (which was rather tough) he noticed that he was being intently watched by the *garcon*, and said to him:

"Well, friend, do you happen to know me?"

"Ah! Monsieur is Comte, we have come down terribly in the world since last we met at the Cafe Anglais!"

One Redeeming Feature.

"There is one thing, dear madam, about your charming little boy which pleases me particularly," said the visitor, who had patiently submitted to have his corns trampled and his whiskers mussed out by young hopeful.

"And what is I" smiled mamma.

"Dear madam, that he is not a twin."

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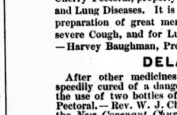

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A few weeks ago I took a severe Cold, which, at first, I neglected to cure for. In three days it affected my Lungs, and I became extremely ill. Breathing was most difficult and painful, and my family physician, not being able to come immediately to the house, sent directions that I should take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I was promptly relieved by the use of this medicine, and, after taking only two bottles, was completely cured.—Andrew J. Davis, Atchison, Kansas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take it, and, in a short time, was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

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Helpful Wife—I know you did, but let it go—the water pipes burst last night.

At Home.

New Minister—Is your papa at home, little girl? I am the new minister, and I understand that he is one of the pillars of the church.

Little Girl—Oh, yes, he's always at home to ministers. Ministers don't have bills, you know.

Peculiarities of the Passport.

Gendarme (to stranger)—Your papers!

Stranger—It is not usual to ask for them!

G.—Yes; but there have been lately a lot of people tramping about the country without means of existence.

S.—My name is Schlimann.

G.—Ah! you are wanted for that robbery of two hundred thousand florins!

S.—Yes, so, you see, I have the means of existence.

G.—Just so. Pass on.

The many friends of Messrs. W. G. Dunn & Co., Canada Mills, Hamilton, will be pleased to hear that their branch business established in England last year for the manufacture of baking powder is meeting with great success, and Dunn's Baking Powder is becoming a household necessity throughout the United Kingdom.

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SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO'Y

The annual meeting of the Sheppard Publishing Company, owing to the Manager's illness, has been adjourned till

Monday, the 23rd Day of December, 1889

WILLIAM M. HALL, Secretary-Treasurer.

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WILL HOLD A

CONVERSAZIONE

Under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Campbell

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ON

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TICKETS 50 CENTS EACH

May be had of any of the Artists, also of the following: O. A. Howland, E. C. Rutherford, J. Enoch Thompson, H. D. F. Armstrong, A. J. Boyd, Vaux Cudaback, E. B. Bobtetter, J. Macdonald, Jr., or A. & S. Nordheimer's.

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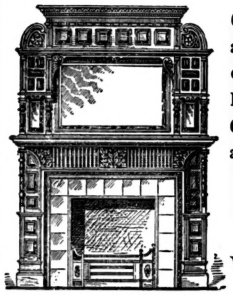

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In presenting this stove to the public, we do not claim that you will abandon your furnace nor your base burner, but we *do claim* that if you have a suite of rooms, a chamber, spareroom, dining room, office, or any other space not convenient to heat with any of the present systems, you will buy the Grand in preference to anything else in the market.

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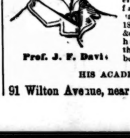

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TORONTO.

Concerning one of the many removals to Toronto we clip from a Seaforth paper the following: "Mr. G. L. Ball, dentist, who has worked up a large and profitable practice here for a number of years, having a preference for city life and a good opening occurring, removed to Toronto last Wednesday where he assumes the practice of A. J. Robertson of Gerrard street east. During his residence here Mr. Ball became a universal favorite, both professionally and socially. Mr. Ball stands high in his profession ensuring him success, wherever he goes, and while sorry to part with him, we hope his brightest hopes may be realized in the Queen City."

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

PRIDHAM—At Toronto, on November 23, Mrs. R. A. Pridham—a son.
WOOD—At Ingersoll, on December 7, Mrs. E. C. F. Wood—a daughter.
GRAFTON—At Toronto, on December 9, Mrs. C. Stewart Grafton—a son.
BAIRD—At Winnipeg, on December 3, Mrs. A. B. Baird—a daughter.
ELLIS—At Toronto, on December 5, Mrs. R. Y. Ellis—a daughter.
MILES—At West Toronto Junction, on December 6, Mrs. A. C. Miles—a son.
THOMPSON—At Toronto, on December 5, Mrs. F. H. Thompson—a daughter.

Marriages.

TEN EYCK—CHESNUT—At Hamilton, on December 2, Alfred E. Chesnut to Agnes Beatrice Ten Eyck.
BLAIN—McCALLUM—At York Township, on December 4, William Blain of Toronto, to Margaret McCallum.
FIELDHOUSE—SARGENT—At Toronto, on December 4, B. F. Fieldhouse to Lottie Sargent.

Deaths.

MOORMAN—At Toronto, on December 8, Thos. Moorman aged 19 years.
BECK—At Peterborough, on December 7, Rev. John Walton Romeyn Beck, M. A., Rector of Peterborough, Rural Dean, and Canon of St. Alban's cathedral, aged 61 years.
WATT—At Toronto, on December 9, Samuel Watt, aged 55 years.
MILLER—At Hamilton, on December 8, Mrs. Eliza Miller, aged 85 years.
BRACHENREED—At Toronto, on December 9, infant son of Thomas and Annie Brachenreed.
WEIR—At Chicago, on December 8, Mrs. T. J. Weir, aged 29 years.
GILLIES—At Toronto, on December 8, John Gillies, aged 62 years.
GAGEN—At Toronto, on December 8, Mrs. Robert F. Gagen, aged 38 years.
McKENZIE—At Guelph, on December 7, John McKenzie, aged 50 years.
BAMBRIDGE—At Toronto, on December 8, Reid Bambridge, aged 22 years.
EATON—At Toronto, on December 7, Frank Eaton, aged 26 years.
BOICE—At Toronto, on December 9, Mrs. Edmund A. Boice.
BACON—At Toronto, on December 10, Mrs. William Bacon, aged 39 years.
MERCER—At Tilsonburg, on December 6, Thomas Mercer, aged 78 years.
PALEN—At Toronto, on December 6, Mrs. William T. Palen, aged 27 years.
RITCHIE—At Toronto, on December 8, Mrs. J. Ritchie, aged 55 years.
COLWELL—At Toronto, on December 6, Mrs. Henry Colwell, aged 53 years.
GOODALL—At Toronto, on December 7, Mrs. John H. Goodall, aged 21 years.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
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